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THE BEQUEST OF

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(CLASS OF 1882)
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With Nearly 100 Illustrations

BY THOMAS WORTH AND OTHER ARTISTS.

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THREE DOZEN GOOD STORIES FROM TEXAS SIFTINGS.

A WOLF HUNT.

"IF you want some really fine sport, why don't you come out to my sheep camp and let us have a wolf hunt? My place is only sixteen miles from Austin. You just make arrangements to get up a party, let me know what day you will come, and I'll fix for a big hunt."

It was the Sheep Man who made the above remarks.

"Do we understand, Major Brown, that you will make arrangements with the wolves? Can you rely on your wolves to be on hand? Do you keep them on tap? In short, have you got any wolves at all?" we inquired.

"Got 'em? Got wolves? I should say so! Why the wolves are so thick out there that they are tripping each other up all the time."

We told the Sheep Man that we would be out at his place on Friday evening, prepared to deal death and destruction to wolves on Saturday.

To pursue the ravenous wolf over the prairie, and to beard the savage coyote in his den had been the dream of our life. We were tired with the milder kinds of sport. We had become cloyed with quail shooting. It was too tame a sport—no real danger about it, except from some amateur sportsman's gun; and the perils of chasing jack rabbits did not possess that excitement that we felt our system craved.

A wolf hunt! That would be just the thing. We imagined

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the wolf driven by fear, and a spotted dog, up a tree. With the same brand of imagination, we conjured up a scene wherein we would remorselessly pursue a wolf across the plains until, unable to go further, he would turn at bay, and as he would rise on his hind legs to spring at and devour us, we would step aside and blow the top of his head off with a charge of buckshot.

We talked the matter over with a number of our friends, and soon they were as enthusiastic about hunting wolves as we were.

There was a day of hurried preparation. Hams and guns, coffee-pots and chickens, dogs and tomato sauce, had to be gathered together, for we were going to camp out for two nights, and blankets had to be got, and ammunition for guns and demi-johns had to de procured.

Everything favored the success of the expedition and presaged death and much havoc among the wolves.

The sun was shining brightly, the sky was blue and cloudless, as we left the city at noon on Friday.

The cavalcade was an imposing one. About a dozen men, dressed in old clothes and coats with many pockets, packed in buggies and ambulances; as many more on horseback, and a few long-eared dogs following behind.

The spirits of the party were high. The cattle man furnished most of it, and he is responsible for the statement that it cost $4.75 a gallon. There was a good deal of merry banter and many facetious remarks indulged in as we rode along. The sad-eyed man from Vermont improved the occasion by talking of the people up in New England who were tramping around in the cold and sleet of winter, while we down in this sunny Southland were enjoying balmy breezes from the Gulf, and were utterly indifferent as to overcoats and rubber shoes.

Never been in Texas during a norther?" asked the Insurance Man.

"No; but I'd like to see one; I want to see all I can of the country while I am here."

The dark mantle of 6.30 p.m. was casting its shadow o'er the plain when we met the Sheep Man two or three miles from his ranch. He wanted the whole party to go to his house, where he promised them a good fire, plenty to eat, and a house to sleep in.

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"A house! Who wants to sleep in a house? Haven't we got houses plenty in the city. We didn't have to come out here to find a house. We came on this festal occasion as much to enjoy camping out as to decimate wolves," said the Vermont Man. "I move that we all camp out on the creek over yonder."

A majority was in favor of the motion. We were in the minority that decided to go with the Sheep Man. The Dentist,

"WHO WANTS TO SLEEP IN A HOUSE?"

the Artist, the Insurance Man and the Colonel were also in the minority.

We had camped out often enough to have the rough edge of our desire for such dissipation worn off. We knew that camping out meant a saddle for a pillow, for a bed "the yielding earth" that always develops extraordinary solidity and sharp-cornered stones during the night; for a covering, "the star besprinkled dome of night," and an old horse blanket full of

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holes. We knew that it also meant getting up at about midnight, untangling your horse from the rope wound all around his legs; turning out again at 2 a.m., and prowling around in the dark looking for wood to renew the fire and keep from freezing to death. It meant getting ants in your ears, creeping things up your trousers legs, and finally getting up at daybreak sore and bruised, shivering over a camp fire, getting smoke in your eyes, overturning the coffee-pot, and getting cussed by all the rest of the party. So we didn't want to camp out.

When we got to the Sheep Man's house we found an excellent supper awaiting us. We enjoyed it, although our enjoyment was tempered with sadness when on comparing notes, we discovered that all the provisions and fluids were with our branch of the party, stored away under the seats of the Colonel's wagon. We really had no use for them while we stayed with the hospitable Sheep Man, but we felt that the members of the party camped out on the banks of the creek five miles from a house, would need them. Our sadness and the heavy weight of our sympathy was, however, mitigated, when we reflected that the camping-out party had in one of their wagons an enormous coffee-pot, a bottle of pickles, and five shotguns.

About 10 o'clock, a north wind sprang up, as promptly as if we had made an appointment with it for that hour. It was one of those fierce, cold northers that, at this season, are in the habit of coming up unexpectedly, and that make themselves so disagreeable. Our party and the norther did not interfere much with each other just at that time. As long as we were inside by the stove, and the norther was outside, without any stove, we could stand it without grumbling if the norther could. We did not pay any great attention to the norther, as it was not the kind of game we came out to hunt. It was the howling wolf, not the howling norther, that had lured us from our comfortable homes.

We were all in a happy frame of mind. The warm stove supplied heat to the external man, while the inner man was cheered up with the contents of the bottles. Besides the latter, we had also provided ourselves with a supply of second-hand jokes and puns that, in the cities, had for many years been barred by the statute of limitation, but for which there was a lively demand out in the wolf-hunting precincts.

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We got rid of quite a number of these. The Dentist—who in the picture above looks like the Highland chieftain, the Lord of Ulva's Isle—tried to pass off on us some witticisms that had been withdrawn from circulation in the last century. They were so much worn on the edges and damaged from use that they would not have been worth ten cents on the dollar to *London Punch*, but even that did not dampen our spirits. We did, however, feel somewhat depressed when we thought of "the absent ones" on the creek. With us all was warmth and merriment, song and jest. While we were thus enjoying ourselves, it occurred to us that the camping-out party were having it out with the norther. As the proper place to have a boil is on some other person's body, just so we rejoiced when we realized that we were camping out by proxy, as it were. It was the blessed privilege of our absent friends to shiver over the dying embers of their camp fire, and astonish their inner structures with pickles. We would not, had we been able to do so, have deprived them of the boon of enveloping themselves in the warm folds of an empty coffee-pot, and thus dream the happy hours away, the pangs of hunger having been stilled by a bite from the succulent barrel of a breech-loading shotgun. In this free country everybody has the right to enjoy himself according to the dictates of his own conscience.

The gray dawn was just getting under way in the east, when our party started to the relief of our missing friends. After proceeding a few miles, there loomed up before us, grim and gaunt, against the cold gray sky, that coffee-pot. It looked like a water tank at a railroad station. Five or six empty guns were huddled around a tree. A little to the left was a tent that The Cattle Man had brought for his own accommodation. It was a small tent, of about the right calibre to chamber a man, or perhaps a man and a half, but was loaded to the muzzle with our erring friends, or as much of them as did not protrude into the inclement atmosphere outside.

"Boys, have you been having much fun since you left us out in the cold last night?" we inquired.

"Wish we were as full as this tent is," replied a smothered voice in the tent and in the Vermont dialect.

"What are you doing in that tent when there is so much room outside? Are you hunting for our balmy Southern climate?"

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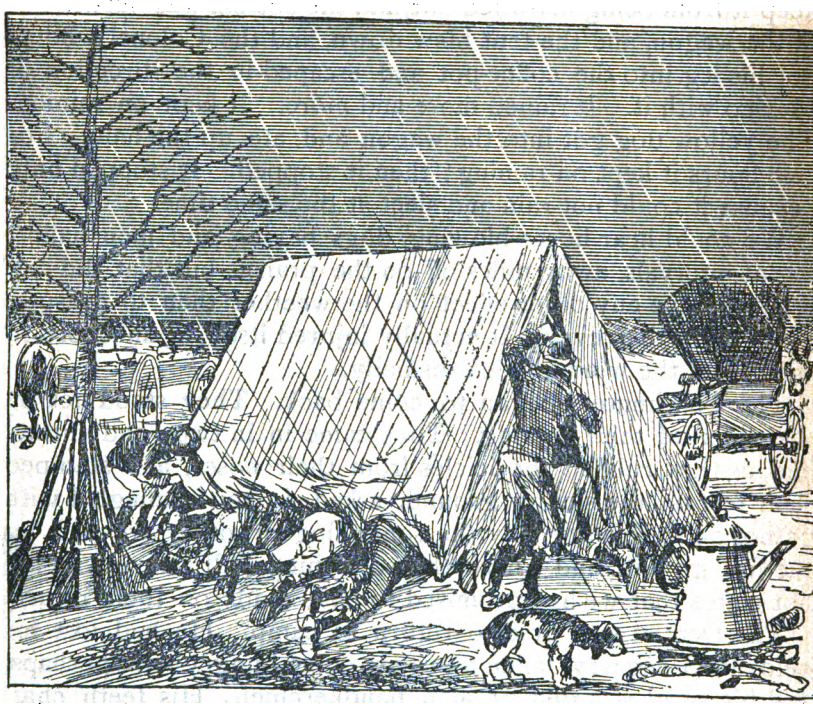
He did not reply. Just then the inhabitants of the tent began to ooze out. It gradually disgorged so much contents compared to its apparent size that it reminded us of the magic hat of a sleight-of-hand performer.

The sufferers crowded around us, and asked for bread, but we gave them some stale jokes that had been left over from the night before. When they clamored for canned beef, the Insurance Man fired at them a damp pun that had hung fire and



"WISH WE WERE AS FULL AS THIS TENT IS."

refused to go off a few hours previously, when he had turned it on us. We turned over the provisions to them, and were amply repaid by seeing them enjoy a hearty breakfast. After the camping-out party had finished the work of devastation, all but two of them, who stayed back to keep the wolves from eating up the provisions, mounted their horses, and, accompanied by the dogs, proceeded to disturb the wolf in his lair.

We were among those who stayed in camp. We remained by the warm fire simply because it was not practicable to take

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the fire along with us on a horse, and we had made up our minds not to stray off from a fire on a cold day.

The party that went out after the wolves numbered twenty-six souls and eleven canteens full of stimulants. They started in great glee. As their wild halloos died away in the distance, the norther seemed to wake up to a knowledge of the fact that it had them just where it wanted them. It began to rain as it can rain only in Texas. We pulled a wagon over the fire to keep it from being drowned out, and the bottom was burned out of the wagon, and the tent blew down, and the Colonel's horse got his leg into the coffee-pot and escaped in the direction of Mexico with it. It rained more and more. It kept on raining. The yellow dog got into the wagon and ate up the ham. For two hours it kept on raining; then it stopped. It stopped only because it could not rain and sleet at the same time.

We could hear horns blowing, dogs baying and men hallooing at intervals, away miles off on the prairie, but that did not seem to have any other effect on the weather than to exasperate it more than ever. It actually injured itself in an effort to snow, and the wind howled dismally.

The wolf hunters began to come back. They stood not on the order of their coming. They came in in twos and threes, and, as they rubbed the icicles from their noses, and stamped their feet on the sloppy ground, asked, in tones mingled with pathos and profanity why the something or other we had let the fire go out, and where the something still worse was the hot coffee that we had promised to have ready on their return.

The Dentist was first to return to camp. He had lost his beloved Glengarry, fallen a prey to some hungry wolf perhaps, and his head was tied up in a handkerchief. His teeth chattered and his wet clothes clung to him closer than a brother or a mortgage on a saw-mill. He raised up his right leg as if he was practising for the ballet, but it was only to let the water run out of his boot-leg. He went through the same performance with the other leg, and then he intimated that his idea of pleasure at that moment would be to draw a tooth from the man who induced him to come on this wolf hunt.

It rained.

Then the artist swam his horse into camp. He sat down in the fire, and asked how far it was to Austin.

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"About eighteen miles."

He did not utter a word of complaint. He merely requested that as soon as practicable, in the spring, we should come out again and give his remains proper interment.

The Insurance Man baled the water out of the twenty-seven pockets of his hunting coat, sat down under a tree, and said he hated to die just then. There would be so much profit in the insurance business now. He said he would like to write up a fire policy on all Western Texas, at low rates, for he felt that nothing in it would be dry enough to burn up during the next ten years.

The Colonel said that doubtless some of the youngest and strongest members of the expedition would survive, and he would lay it upon them as a sacred obligation they owed to a dy-

ing man to convey a message to his wife, stating that he died with his hands unstained by the blood of a single wolf.

It rained.

The Vermont Man, who the day before was so anxious to see as much as possible of the country, was the last to come in. He left his horse in a mud hole about a mile from camp. He said he had ridden three hundred miles since breakfast. He wished he was back in town. His voice could be heard above the storm as he anathematized the South, the climate and the villain who had encouraged him to come to Texas. He intimated that it was his desire that some one would kick him for being such a fool as to come out on a wolf hunt. All were so

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engaged with their own miseries that no one volunteered to give him the attention he desired.

It still rained——

Some one from under a wagon, whose voice we did not recognize, asked that at the annual reunion of the survivors of this expedition we remember him. We have not space to describe loading wagons, sliding around in the mud in search of missing boots, bottles, and things, hitching up horses and starting for town.

Looking back as we pulled out from camp and faced the icy blast, we noticed the Cattle Man drawn up in the shape of the figure 9 on the lee side of a tree, and in accents wild we heard him ask: "Who in the —— started this wolf hunt anyhow?" Strange to say, all got back safely to town. As a wolf hunt, it did not amount to much, but in the matter of fun and wet feet it was an overwhelming success.

RUM'S RIOTOUS RHYME.

The tears stood in his bleary eyes,
With every wink he wunk,
He shook his purse with weary sighs,
For nary chink it chunk.
He shuffled feebly in his chair,
And every think he thunk
Evinced the depths of his despair,
He longed so to get drunk.
The devil then that moment sent
A lot of swells so swunk,
Who to the wretch some money lent,
Then many thanks he thunk.
Just watch the grin that bloated face
The rum when taking tunk,
And learn he is an awful case
Who joys in getting drunk.

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NEW YORK COURT SCENE.

LAWYER—"Vitness, vat vas your names?"
WITNESS—"Abraham Isaac Levy."
LAWYER—"Vat vas your pishness?"
WITNESS—"Schentlemanly cloding store dot Chatham street on."
LAWYER—"Mr. Levy, vat vas your religions?"
WITNESS—"Ven I told you already sometimes dot my name vas Levy, dot I have a cloding store already dot Chatham street on, don't you pegin to schmell a mouse and sushpect me of peing a Bresbyterian?"

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HOW IKE RUBENSTEIN JOINED A "SEEGRET SOCIETY."

"I pelieve I'll shoust pelong to von of dose seegret societies," said Ike Rubenstein, who keeps a store in a suburb of Austin. "Den I be brothers mit lots of beoples already, und it vill helup my peesness. I reads in dose bapers apout a mason vat vas going to haff his head cut off by a Turk, ven dot mason some signs made, und dot Turk did not dot mason's head cut off, but he took him home und made him a shustis of de beace, und married him mit a gouble off young womans for vives. It vas a nice ding to be a mason, don't it? I vill join von off dose societies."

Ike was recommended to join the order of the Knights of the Arctic Circle, a new society lately started. He sent in his application. A night was appointed for his initiation. Ike was much embarrassed when he was admitted to the ante-room of the lodge to find that besides the doorkeeper, who was in his shirtsleeves, there were six men dressed in blue gowns, tin hemlets on their heads, masks on their faces, and drawn swords in their hands. The doorkeeper put a green flannel nightgown on Ike, blindfolded him with a handkerchief that smelled of tobacco and made his eyes smart, and then one of the knights took Ike by the arm and led him into a darkened chamber, where he was marched around eleven times, while Grand Marshals and the Past Pluperfect Chaplain read all manner of wise admonitions to him out of a book, and the knights' swords clanked as the procession moved around.

There was an air of mystery surrounding everything, and a premonition of something dreadful yet to come took hold of Ike.

He sincerely wished that he had never heard of a secret society, and he registered a solemn vow in his own mind that if he got out of this with his life he would never join another.

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His guide made him kneel down on the floor, and with his right hand on his throat and his left hand on a human skull, made him swear that he would never divulge the secrets of the order.

The bandage was taken from his eyes and he was conducted out to the ante-room.

A gray Mother Hubbard dress was put on him and he was escorted back to the chamber of mysteries. Here, after some more preliminaries, he was led in front of a small circular saw that was revolving with extraordinary rapidity. A walking cane and a piece of stove-wood were successively sawed in

pieces that Ike might see how effectively the saw did its work. He was then marched around the chamber, brought up in front of the saw again, and informed in a sepulchral voice, by the Grand High Past Something-or-other, that, as a test of his courage, he would be required to place the index finger of his right hand in front of the saw and allow it to be cut off at the second joint.

"I vill not any such dings do," said Ike, his hair on end with terror. "Vat sense is dot for seegret societies to cut a man up? Off I had been acquainted mit dose dings you seegret society mens does I vould not had nodings to do mit you already. I vant to go away from here und stop dose foolishness."

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The Past Grand Guardian of the Postern Gate now told Ike that he was acting in a manner that if persisted in would draw down the dire vengeance of the Knights of the Arctic Circle. He said that by Ike's lack of confidence and want of courage he had already incurred an additional penalty, and it would now be necessary, according to the rules and by-laws of the order, that he put two fingers to the saw to be cut off before he could be admitted into full fellowship, and the P. G. G. of the P. G. advised him as a friend to proceed at once to saw them off.

Ike said, "I vants no such fellowships. It vould be a tam fool fellowship to cut off my fingers to please you fellows mit tin watering pots on. I tells you I vants to go from dis blace avay."

"Brethren, it pains me to use harsh measures, but as this candidate refuses to obey the orders of the lodge, he must suffer the penalty. I command you to take him, bind him, and hold his wrist against the saw until his hand is cut off. See that a doctor is in attendance."

Four knights caught Ike. He struggled and howled, but it was of no avail. His legs were tied, his left arm was secured to his waist, and he was brought in front of the saw. He begged for mercy, but no mercy was shown him. One knight suggested that a vote be taken to determine if it was not better to saw the candidate's head off. Then they brought his right hand closer and closer to the revolving saw, and the closer it came the louder Ike howled and begged for mercy. There was no mercy for him. At last his hand was pushed violently against the teeth of the revolving disk, and the knights yelled as the soft paper saw polished with black lead—that had been substituted for the real saw while Ike was being escorted around the room—was torn to pieces and Ike fell back breathless and faint but unscathed. Loud and long was the laugh of the knights, and Ike soon joined in the general hilarity, he was so happy to find that it was only a "joke off dose tin helmet fellers."

Then he received a lecture on Obedience, and was given the signs and pass-words of the order.

When the lodge adjourned Ike was so overjoyed at finding that he had got through without the loss of any of his limbs that he recklessly invited the whole lodge to accompany him to

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a saloon and join him in a glass of wine. Some of the members stayed with Ike, who was determined to make a night of it, in commemoration of his escape from bodily mutilation. They took many drinks, and when about to leave Ike was in a very mellow condition. He discovered that he had no money, but he ordered a parting drink, and felt rich enough to buy a distillery.

"Charge dose to me," he said to the barkeeper.

"I do not know you, sir," said the barkeeper.

"Maybe you recognizes dot," said Ike, and he placed his right hand behind his ear, moved his left leg three times from north to south, and fell up against the lunch counter.

The barkeeper said he did not recognize anything but cash.

"O, then you haff not dose degrees all taken yet."

Ike had got the idea into his chaotic brain that everybody in town was a Knight of the Arctic Circle.

"I make you understand this," and Ike gave the grand hailing sign by holding one hand up over his head and putting the other behind his back.

The barkeeper thought that Ike was signing to him to hold up his hands and that he was, with his other hand, reaching back to his hip-pocket for his pistol, so he knocked Ike down with a bung-starter and sat on him until a policeman came and put handcuffs on him.

"Let me up, boliceman, till I make dose signs of distrèss. Dake dose handcuffs off right avay. How can I dose distress signs give unless I gan hold up my hands?"

"Take that desperado to the lockup," said a hackman. "I saw him trying to get out his pistol to shoot the bar man."

"I vas not vanting to shoot nobodies. I supposed he vas von off dose tin vatering pot seegret society fellers. Dot secgret society vas a fraud."

He was locked up.

Next morning he was still intoxicated when brought before the recorder, who adjudged him a harmless imbecile (and released him), because he made such extraordinary signs at the court and the lawyers.

"Does seegret societies vas not as much goot for my peesness as I thought. It vas all tam lies about does brothers helluping one anudder in throubles."

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SLEEPING WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD, as almost every one knows, was a pratical joker, but he differed from ordinary practical jokers in the fact that he could enjoy his jokes all by himself. Usually, for a practical joke to be a success, or to be enjoyable to the perpetrator, it is necessary that others beside himself should witness it. Ward enjoyed his all by himself. C. B. Bishop, the actor, told us the other day, an anecdote illustrative of this peculiarity of Ward's.

"The proprietor of the 'Moral Wax Figgers' was lecturing when I first met him," said Bishop. "It was in Baltimore, and John McCullough introduced me to him in a restaurant one night, as Ward was taking supper, after delivering his lecture. He and I became on intimate terms at once. It was impossible to know the man without loving him. You felt drawn to him the moment he spoke to you. There was something gentle and lovable about him that was indescribable, but that made his acquaintances feel toward him as they would feel toward a favorite brother. Ward and I talked together about mutual friends until two o'clock in the morning. Then he insisted that I should sleep with him at his hotel. I made several excuses, because, although I enjoyed his society, I could see no reason for his request. He begged me, and said that he would consider it a great favor if I would sleep with him, as he was afraid to sleep alone in the dark. I thought it rather an eccentric notion, but I agreed to stay with him.

"It was an exceedingly cold night. Ward said that he wanted the light left burning. After we got to bed I became very sleepy, and told Ward, who was talking a great deal, and wandering from one subject to another, that I thought we had better go to sleep. He said he would go to sleep if I would step out and hand him his trousers.

"'I never can sleep,' he said 'without my trousers under my head. It soothes me to think that a burglar can't get at my railroad pass or my pocket comb without waking me up.'

"He arranged his trousers under his pillow and kept quiet for

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about two minutes. I was dozing away, when he punched me and asked if I was awake. I turned around and found him sitting up in bed, pointing to a silver dollar lying on each knee of his trousers spread out before him. He said:

"'I can't sleep until that light is turned out. Now, Bishop, I want to toss with you to determine whose duty it is to get up and put out the light.'

"I tossed, lost, and put out the light. Then I fixed myself for a good sleep. I had just crossed the threshold of the land of dreams when Ward whispered in my ear:

"'Say, don't you like to sleep with your head low? Well, then lend me your pillow; I can't sleep unless my head is high.'

"Another drowsy interval of a few minutes. 'Bishop; say, Bishop, we are ruining our health. Have you not read Prof. Smith on Sanitary Laws of the Bedroom? He says that those who want to live to a good old age must sleep with their heads toward the north. Now I feel by the way my blood circulates that we, at this moment, have our heads pointing in the direction of the Argentine Republic, and that we are both hastening rapidly to the grave. As I don't want to be cut off in the midst of my usefulness, I propose that we turn with our heads the other way.'

"We reversed our positions, and I was again wandering off into vague dreamland, when I received a blow in the back that awoke me with a start.

"'I think, Bishop, you said you didn't like to lie with your head high. Now I do, and if it's all the same to you, I would consider it a favor if you would give me that bolster you are resting on.'

"If any other man had worried me in that way, I would have been angry, but no one could be angry with Ward. If he had asked me to stand on my head, I think I would have considered it a favor to be allowed to do so. I gave him the bolster and went to sleep with my head on my elbow. Twice again my companion awoke me, the first time to ask me if I was sure it was in '56, and not in '57, that I made that trip through Arkansaw. The second time I awoke, Ward was out of bed and was putting on his trousers. I began to think he was insane. His voice seemed to be choked with emotion as he said solemnly:

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"'Bishop, there is a tide in the affairs of every man—there is a moment when his whole career in life may be influenced. For me that moment has arrived. I want you to stand by me. I must see John McCullough at once. He is asleep in No. 37. He leaves on the 6 a. m. train. There is no time to be lost. Secure a box of matches, and let us seek his room.'

"I put on a few clothes, got a box of matches off the bureau, and followed Ward out into the hall. He seemed to be excited. We passed several rooms, then turned to the left into a dark passage. It would have seemed a very unique procession to a stranger—Artemus striding rapidly along in his bare feet, with his suspenders trailing behind; I following, striking a match at every door, looking for 37.

"At last we found the room. Ward pounded on the door with his knuckles; no answer. You could have heard the clock tick away down in the rotunda. He knocked again. McCullough, in a muffled voice, as if *Desdemona* had turned the tables on him, and was smothering him with a pillow, said, 'All right.' He evidently thought he was being called for the morning train.

"But it ain't all right,' said Ward. 'I want to see you. I must see you at once.'

"'Who's there,' said McCullough.

"'Don't prevaricate, Mac. Come to the door; I want to see you,' said Ward.

"McCullough got up, opened the door about six inches, and stuck his head out.

"Ward struck a sulphur match, and holding it up so that McCullough got the benefit of its fumes, said, in what he used to call a low-spirited voice:

"I hate to disturb you, but—John, do you honestly believe that leprosy can be cured?'

"McCullough shut the door with a bang, and we went back to our room without a word. Ward never smiled. He rolled into bed, sighed, and went to sleep. It was then too late for me to expect any sleep, so I dressed and left.

"Ward never mentioned the matter afterwards. He seemed to get all the enjoyment his system needed in witnessing my annoyance."

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LENTEN SACRIFICE.

She.—I thought you were so fond of TEXAS SIFTINGS dear: How is it that you have the Weekly Churchman now?

He.—Because it is Lent, dear!

She.—Lent? Whom did you borrow it from?

He.—No, no, I mean it is the season of Lent, and you know our Pastor says it is well for us during it to forgo some pleasure and endure some trial, so I changed my paper.

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SWEET'S LETTER.

AUSTIN.

DEAR KNOX:

I had a bad time of it yesterday. Tiff Johnson was in town, and called in, of course, and paid me a complimentary visit. To-day I am able to be about, but am still suffering from congestion of the brain and nervous prostration. You have often heard Tiff warble, but all his former warblings put together were dead silence compared to the half hour's matinee he gave me yesterday. I think I observed, with my nose, a flavor of eggnog in his conversation. His tongue was evidently lubricated with something or other, for it revolved at the rate of fifty more oscillations to the minute than on any previous occasion. Not even while telling his experience as a West Point cadet, did he ever make such extraordinary time. It makes me dizzy now to think of it, or perhaps it is the fruit cake and wine I ate last night that makes me dizzy. My head is swimming from some cause or other. Perhaps it is Tiff Johnson and the fruit cake together.

But to resume. I must say something about Tiff Johnson. You ought to see him. He is coming out as a Del Valle Settlement dude. You know that he always wears a stovepipe hat and a swallow-tailed coat while at work, hunting or fishing, out at his farm. Well, now he wears a little cane, besides, when he comes to town. I asked him yesterday what brought him to town. What do you suppose he replied? He said he came to town because he was overworked; that he had had a turkey for dinner, and had overstrained himself; besides he felt lonesome out in the country. There were no saloons out there. And then, again, he thought I might have something to say to him, when in truth I never got a chance to open my mouth.

He assumed a graceful position on the box, where he used to keep the oats, and opened fire on the subject of riches. Like most of us, Tiff is eloquent on this subject, probably because that is the one subject with which we are not in the least familiar. He said that pleasure was purely a matter of imagination. "Now, there's Vanderbilt," continued Tiff, "Van may not think I am as happy as he is; but I know a blamed sight better. He

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may think his house is grander than my palatial residence, and possibly it is; but he can't be in his house any more than I can be in mine. There is only one of Vanderbilt, and there is only one Tiff Johnson. Van's dinner is probably more elaborate than I am accustomed to spread on my humble board; but if Van thinks he can eat more dinner at one inning than I can, let him come down here and tackle me. Very likely Van flatters himself that Maud S. makes faster time than I do in coming to town behind Old Crib; but let me tell you, Mr. Sweet, that Old Crib will hold three times as much corn as Maud S., although he does not often get a chance to do so these hard times. That's why we called him Old Crib. He is the hungriest horse to feed you ever saw. He holds more corn, when he gets a chance to eat some, than a corn-crib. Let's go out and change our breath?"

"No need of that. Just let us imagine we have had a drink," I replied.

Tiff shook his head, and started for the door, and just to humor him I went along. While we were stirring up the tonics, I told him about your swearing off before you left Austin. We talked the whole matter over, and came to the conclusion that it would be the making of you if you would only stick to it, and that you should have done so long ago. Tiff bet me a gallon of the best whiskey in Austin that you wouldn't hold out over Christmas. He said he wouldn't if he was in your place, and I agreed with him. He told me how, when you first came to Austin, you used to go out to see him with a demijohn, until the neighbors complained that you and he disturbed the peace and quiet of the neighborhood. As Tiff's house is a mile and a half from any other house, it must have been like an extra session of the Legislature. Tiff accompanied me back to the office, and imparted information about raising turkeys, until I longed for the wings of a dove to fly away and be at rest.

"Now, Sweet," continued Tiff, who was just fairly getting under way, "perhaps some of these days you will be so carried away with my success as a farmer, that you will go into the business yourself. Just let me give you a bit of advice how to succeed: Don't try to raise turkeys; turkeys are not reliable; but if you have made up your mind to raise turkeys, the first thing you must do is to take a gun and shoot all your colored neighbors within a radius of ten miles."

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"But I don't want to raise turkeys."

"Don't interrupt me. Last year I had hundreds of turkeys, and my colored neighbors had none. Now they have all got big flocks of turkeys, and I've only got three solitary turkeys, two old gobblers and a hen."

"Do you mean to insinuate that the colored man steals turkey?"

"No, not a bit of it—at least not intentionally. The colored neighbors only stole some corn from my crib. In carrying my corn to their humble domiciles, they spilled some of it all along their winding way. Next morniug my turkeys struck that trail of corn and followed it right up to the humble log cabins of the colored neighbors. Next night the colored grangers carried off some more corn, until my turkeys became accustomed to the surroundings of the colored neighbors' cabins, and concluded to stay there. I have tried hard, but I cannot convince a single black son-of-a-sea-cook that those turkeys do not belong to him. You see there is no way to brand turkeys, and I can't prove up my property. There is no money in raising turkeys. Then there are other drawbacks. In the first place, I raise the turkeys; then the turkeys raise all the vegetables in the garden, and then the negroes come and raise the turkeys. If you are going into the farming business, you must raise hens. I'll just give you some points about hens. The best hen is the Houdan. She lays a h–ll's mint of eggs."

Just at this moment Doc Johnson, who is a member of the Legislature, stuck his head in the door, and called Tiff, and he went out, and when he came back to tell me some more about Houdan hens, I wasn't there.

I am getting tired of this sort of thing, and if Tiff and the rest of your friends don't give me a rest I'll pack up and go to New York, too, even if it freezes my legs off.

By the way, a wretched inebriate embraced me on the public street yesterday, and called me "Jack" mistaking me for you. He was disappointed in me when he tried to borrow five dollars. He insisted that you struck up an acquaintance with him the night before you left for New York. I suppose that was the night of the banquet. Tiff sends his love, and says he is going to swear off, too, on New Years day, or thereabouts. Yours,

SWEET.

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WANTS TO BE A HUMORIST.

SANDUSKY, O.

Editors TEXAS SIFTINGS, New York.

GENTLEMEN:—I am a young man with a facetious turn of mind, and I think with practise I could be a humorous writer. I want some advice. What should I do to prepare myself for the profession? I do not think there could be anything nicer than to be known as a humorous author, and get good pay and fame. Is it as paying a business as it is cracked up to be? Please give me all the points.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE B. FLANDERS.

DEAR SIR:—We shall take pleasure in giving you all the points. You ask for advice. If you had asked for wealth or for a clerkship in a laundry we could not have given you that. There are things that we go short on, but we are always long on advice, and we would rather unload a lot of it on a young man "with a facetious turn of mind" than on anybody else.

We have advice, both in bulk and in cans, suited for every age, sex, condition, season, and climate, and it is warranted not to rip, ravel, tear, or bag at the knees.

Young man, if there is anything better in this wide, wide world than being a humorist, it is—*not* being a humorist. If we should advise you, however, to that effect, you would spurn our gratuitous double-width advice, and would go on in your wild impulsive climb after the unattainable. From your letter we can see that you are going to be a humorist, even if you have to ruin the reputation of the English tongue and haul all the dead languages out of their graves to do it; and, dear George, with that spirit actuating you, you will succeed; we know you will succeed—in making an ass of yourself.

You think that you can, "with practice," become a humorous writer. There are about three quarters of a million of young men in this country "with a facetious turn of mind" who feel just as you do. The reason that they do not all become famous, and have a brand of cigarettes or a post-hole auger named after them, is that in the economy of nature, and in the United States,

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some men are born humorists, some become humorists, and fifty-four million American citizens have humorists thrust upon them, until they feel dizzy and sick at heart, and they are so tired of wit and humor that they turn even to the English comic journals for relief.

We will not advise you as to the best means of preparing yourself for the profession of a humorist, but we will tell you what we know you will do, with or without advice. First, you will write some such conundrums as "Did you ever hear a bed-tick?" "Why does the horse-fly?" "How did the corn stalk?" You will try these on the village postmaster. If he does not knock you down with a cancelling stamp, or throw a dead letter at you, you will send them to the *Clay County Clarion.* If the editor accepts and publishes your contribution, you will go on in your mad career—you will throw away your grammar, take an under hold on the United States language, and go in for writing German and Negro dialect sketches regardless of your impending doom or of the Marquis of Queensbury's rules. Then an exchange of the *Clay County Clarion* will republish some of your jokes, and this will fill you up with pride and *haut gout.* You will think that being quoted is the *sine quinine* of your success, and after several cross-roads cotemporaries copy a few of your paragraphs, your doom will be sealed. Your descent will be rapid after this. You will begin manufacturing jokes about Susan B. Anthony's age, the mule, the lonely oyster in the church-fair stew, the young man and the spring overcoat, the mother-in-law, etc., etc. Then you will rank as a humorist, and will accept a permanent position on the *Clarion*; salary $3.50 a week—when you get it. You will be invited to make speeches at all social and public gatherings in your town, and be expected to say something funny; and when you get up to speak, the audience will adjust its mouth to laugh. The audience will be disappointed; you see if it won't.

Some day you will write something facetious about a prominent citizen, and the prominent citizen will come into the office, and you will be very sorry that he came. The prominent citizen will say evil things unto you, and perchance will hit you on the head with a mucilage bottle, or with one of the senior editor's Tariff editorials, or some other heavy weapon.

You will find it difficult to fill up eight or ten columns a week

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with lurid western humor. When it is indispensable that the printer shall have copy, you will scratch your head and sigh; but the funny paragraphs will not come. You know they are there, but they will not leak out because they are piled up under, probably, sad thoughts of the sick little ones at home, painful anxiety about unpaid bills, bad language about that other editor who steals your paragraphs, and several other vexatious thoughts that are not conducive to the birth of hilarious views of men and things. And then enters the bold bad man, who addresses you by your Christian name, and thinks, because you are a professional humorist, that you must like funny stories. He tells you one that he says you must put into the paper, it is so good. You rejoice at this chance to get something new. As he tells his story, you recognize the fact that it is either unfit for publication in a family newspaper, or that it is an old joke that came over to England with the Conqueror, and that you have adapted, changed, and used several times already. You will find that these bold bad men will call on you every day.

You say that you think "there cannot be anything nicer than to be a humorous writer." O, it's nice. It's just too perfectly lovely; but still, somehow, if we had a son who had a desire to be a humorous writer, we would urge him to bring our gray hairs in sorrow to the grave in some other way.

Ah, the illustrations! Almost forgot about that. The one up in the left hand corner is intended to represent you when you start out, filled with ignorance and ambition, to be a humorist. That at the bottom of this article is intended to represent you several years afterwards, when the gay frivolity and the high living incident to a humorist's life, have done their work, and when you are full of experience and a wild impulse to go on a lecturing tour.

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THE MAN WE MET BY CHANCE.

ONE of the newly-appointed professors to the Texas University visited Barton Springs soon after his arrival in Austin. He went there for the commendable and healthy purpose of securing one of Nature's great restoratives, in the form of a bath. Upon arriving at the springs the professor discovered a man in the water engaged in the same laudable occupation. He was a fine-looking man—the one in the water. He wore long hair, and a great straw-colored beard. The professor said:

"Is the water cold?"

The man splashing about in the spring replied:

"Yes, the temperature is disagreeably glacial, but cold water is conducive of longevity. You can, doubtless, recall to mind the language of Prof. Mackinaw, used by him in his treatise on 'Heat and cold, and Their Relative Influence Upon the Human Body.' *Usque ad nauseam Transi de froid.*"

"Ah, yes, certainly," replied the professor, delighted to have found a congenial spirit. "I do remember that work. It contains much sound, logical reasoning."

"It does, indeed," replied the man in the water, vigorously splashing the cool spray around his person. "It certainly commends itself to the scientist as a work of great originality, impartiality, and possessing the true ring of genius. *Curibus colic currantur te deum ad sum pluribus cataleptic.*"

"Do you reside in Austin?" asked the thoroughly pleased professor.

"No; I am merely enjoying my midsummer vacation, seeking that beneficial relaxation which will allow me to return to my duties refreshed and invigorated by a short season of abandonment to the seductive wiles of Nature's true restorer. You remember Virgil: *De profundis allopath terra incognita*, or, as Frank Siddalls of Philadelphia, more forcibly expresses it, 'Don't be a Clam.'"

The professor was again delighted, and after giving the man his card, requested the honor of his company at his house that evening for tea.

"You will be sure to come, will you?" inquired the professor, turning his horse's head toward town.

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"Most assuredly," answered the man, taking a parting dip, and moving off toward some bushes where his clothes were concealed. "Nothing would please me better than a half hour's chat with you upon some ennobling scientific topic, something out of the common line of thought, something which would at once prove as elevating and instructive, as pure in principle, and *Litera scripta locofoco Jimplecute.* But, professor, I—I hope I will not be expected to appear in evening dress, for my wardrobe"—

"Certainly not, my dear sir, just come as you are—that is, not just as you are now, of course, but in your ordinary everyday travelling suit."

"All right, I'll be there promptly."

The hour arrived for the reception of the distinguished guest. The professor was on the *qui vive.* He was also on the front door step. At six o'clock an apparition appeared at the gate. It was a man.

It looked as if it had found a scare-crow in some cornfield—an old back-number, last year's scare-crow—and had robbed it of its scanty, tattered raiment.

The professor disliked tramps very much. As the ragged, long-haired tramp approached the house, the professor shouted:

"Go away! S'cat! Keep off the grass! I have nothing for you! I'm satisfied that you are an earthquake sufferer just from Java, or that you have been shipwrecked in a cyclone in Kansas; but I haven't any old clothes for you, so I tell you to go 'way from here. I'm perfectly willing to believe that you have a sore leg that nothing but the waters of Hot Springs will cure, and that you only want money enough to buy you a frugal drink of whiskey and a railroad ticket to the Springs; but I haven't a cent for you, and no wood for you to saw, and nothing lying around that I could afford to let you steal; so I say go 'way at once and if you don't slide quickly I'll turn the dog loose, and then"—

"Allow me to interrupt you for a moment," said the tramp, who had, during the professor's harangue, approached close to the door. "I feel hurt at the way you have received me. You should remember what Horace says: *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re, Venus de Medici.* Your manner and language are so different from what both were when we met at the spring this morn-

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ing, and when you so kindly invited me to spend the evening with you. Let me remind you of what Don Quixote said to the landlord: *Si yo fuera que V, hablara yo mas bien criado, and don't you forget it!*

The professor was horrified. He now recognized in the tramp the learned gentleman he had met at the spring, and who was so familiar with the dead languages. He said:

"My friend, the spirit of hospitality that surges within me prompts me to ask you to join me in the tea-drinking that I invited you to this morning, but would—would you not just as lief compromise on a dollar? Before you decide, let me say to you that my house is the abode of temperance, and that tea is the most violent fluid we use."

"A dollar goes," said the tramp.

He got it, and as the professor slammed the door and fainted on the polished alabaster hall floor, the tramp swiftly faded away in the direction of the Eureka saloon.

LATER.

The professor is working on the text of a bill that he expects to have the next Legislature pass, the provisions of which require all tramps to bathe with their clothes on, or to hang their garments on a pole in plain sight when they enter the water.

A COMPROMISE.

Mrs. McVapid, of Austin, is considered very obtuse by those intimately acquainted with her. One morning she called to her little boy, who was playing in the front yard.

"Tommy, go down to the grocery store and bring me a pound of starch."

"I haven't got time to go down to the grocery and get a pound of starch. It's most school time now."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. McVapid, with a troubled look; then brightening up she added: "Well, then, run down and get only half a pound."

Tommy complied with the compromise, was late at school, and his teacher took the starch out of him with a shingle.

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KNOX'S LETTER, "FROM WEST TO EAST."

DEAR SWEET:

I intended writing you a letter descriptive of what and whom I saw from the moment I gave that last shake to your toil-worn hand as I took a lingering look at the fly-blown cheese on Fleischmeyer's lunch-counter in Austin, until I landed from the Jersey ferryboat on Manhattan Island. Talking about Fleischmeyer's I cannot think of that hallowed spot without emotion; what tender memories of departed lemonades and gone-from-our-gaze straights, with Polly Naris on the outside, come trooping out of the hazy heretofore as I muse on what *has been*, and think of those small glasses, full of a minimum of beer and a maximum of froth, that Fleischmeyer used to delude us with, and that perennial lunch behind the door! There's nothing equal to it in New York. The sauerkraut that seemed to be passing its last days peacefully on the cracked plate on the left, the radishes that tasted as if they had been harvested 'way back in the dark ages; and then there was salt for the radishes, and mustard for the—what *did* we have mustard for, anyhow? There *was* mustard, wasn't there, with a dark crust on top and a wooden spoon stuck in it? The mustard must have been for the cheese (Heaven knows the cheese needed something to go with it), for there was no other part of the banquet that we could use it on unless it might be the crackers that we never could find in the nickel-plated cracker box.

Tell me, brother, do they miss me at Fleischmeyer's? Do you and Major Brackenridge ever go up there now and eat a cube of that speckled cheese in memory of the happy past when we used to sit at a table in the back room drinking pretzels and munching the schooner of froth and the pony of beer that Fleischmeyer considered the equivalent of ten cents, while we contemplated General DeBray in his shirt sleeves and a cane-bottomed chair playing dominoes in that cool place by the door? And does Major Brackenridge still have to brush the rings of flat beer, left by other beer mugs, off the table with his sleeve, or does Fleischmeyer now furnish napkins, as we once suggested that he should do?

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Dear me, the rural simplicity of that lunch, the Arcadian serenity of those proceedings, fill me with the fillingest kind of sweet regrets as I sit here with the roar of Broadway in front and the rattle of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad stealing on my ears from behind. But I must not complain. I am but a poor, weak worm of the dust, and this Fifth Avenue Hotel lunch of oyster, soft-shell crabs, Chateau Bouliac, rare roast, and coffee that I have just surrounded is good enough for me; but the awful solemnity and severity of that swallow-tailed waiter, as he hands me a finger-bowl and waits in doubt as to whether it will be a dime or a quarter gratutity he will get, does make me yearn for Fleischmeyer, with his gentle and urbane manner and his aurora borealis countenance beaming on us as he propounds the dulcet interrogation, "What'll it be, gentlemen?"

This is a digression, isn't it? I was saying that I intended writing you a descriptive letter. As I did not do it at the time, I cannot do it now. Unless scenes are described when seen, or incidents when they occur, it is difficult to get warmth and life into them after a lapse of time. The little things that go to fill up and make a perfect picture are forgotten, and the description is, therefore, but a mere outline. So, in this case, I can only outline the most prominent incidents in my mad career in a Pullman car from Austin to New York. As the train rolled out of the depot, and I settled myself down in a seat and tried to concentrate my thoughts on you as I saw you last with tears in your eyes, Major William Bowen, the insurance agent, came and sat down beside me. I had not presence of mind to put my baggage on the seat and say that it was engaged, and the Major, taking advantage of my helpless condition, made a dastardly attempt to insure my life. It was only after assuring him that all my ancestors for six generations had died of consumption before reaching the age of twelve years, and that I was now suffering acutely the pangs of Bright's disease, Warner's Safe Cure, Tutt's Pills, Royal Baking Powder, and other ailments, that I succeeded in frustrating him in his fell designs.

Then he wanted to insure against fire, my residence, my barn, my autograph—anything, in fact. I choked him off at last by giving him some beer at Taylor, and allowing him to write out a policy on a haystack on my farm, which he insured against

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everything but "the visitation of God and the acts of public enemies."

As the Major had to stop off at Taylor, to straighten out some loss with a Jew who had burned a clothing store, I got rid of him there, and I was just beginning to feel happy again in the contemplation of the fact that for a month or two, at least, Major Ryan couldn't beat me shooting clay pigeons, nor Tobe Driskill seduce me into blistering my hands in the pursuit of wolves, when who should appear on the scene but that atrocious wit of the Texas Poker Legislature, Colonel Labatt. You can imagine how I felt. He began with a dreadful pun about a "natural sequence," and ended, when he left me at Waco, with a conundrum about why an eclipse of the sun on the 18th of February was like a Tewksbury pauper. I felt almost as much exhausted when I parted with him as if I had been reading a copy of London *Punch*, and I remember asking myself the question, why, in the economy of nature, if there is a Labatt on earth, should there be a hell hereafter?

Next day the panorama of the Indian Nation passed athwart my gaze, and an Arkansas editor in the next seat engaged me in earnest converse. When he first spoke to me, I perceived an aromatic smell pervading the atmosphere—a smell similar to what may be discovered in front of a saloon in the early hours of the morning when the barkeeper is throwing out the slops. Although I distinctly detected the flavor of whiskey in the atmosphere, I do not think that the atmosphere was drunk. The Indian Nation atmosphere is not given that way. The Arkansas editor stayed with us all day. He began by lauding the excellence of Arkansas soil and society, and ended by an offer to amalgamate his great weekly, *The Clarion*, with TEXAS SIFTINGS. The next thing I remember was arriving in St. Louis. (Don't suggest, in your cynical way, that I drank out of the Arkansas editor's bottle.)

St. Louis seems to me to consist of mud, drizzle, bad streets, dingy stores, street-cars that get off the track, and an impudent and austere clerk at the Southern Hotel. St. Louis is a cross between a city and a village. Stayed twenty-four hours there. Then to Chicago, the fastest city on the continent. The business men there are full of life and energy, and the women, if they do have longitudinal feet, do not have drug-store com-

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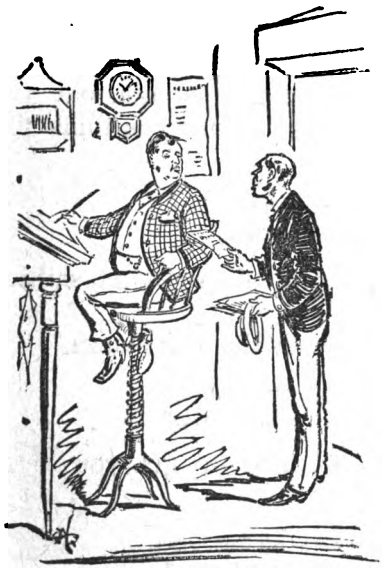
plexions. They are fresh and rosy, and if they lived in St. Louis they would wear the—well, they have energy enough to wear them if they wanted to.

Via Fort Wayne and Indianapolis Railroad to Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh—smoke—smelting furnaces—twenty minutes for supper—and on over the mountains and around the Horseshoe Bend to New York. New York, the only New York, the brightest, the cheeriest, the fastest and the most progressive city in the world. First evening in Gotham, dinner with Joaquin Miller, Adirondack Murray, and dear old H. Farrar McDermott, the poet; a box afterwards at the Grand Opera House, where we saw Annie Pixley in "M'liss," and—and here I am.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

NEW YORK.

FUN WITH A POET.



NEXT to a man with a boil on his elbow, a good, well-constructed, able-bodied poet is about as sensitive an animal as inhales atmosphere. We do not mean an alleged poet—an imitative, wholesale manufacturer of creaking rhymes, which are so club-footed that they have to hobble around on crutches, but a genuine big-souled poet, with the divine afflatus oozing out of him at every pore, and enough wild frenzy in his rolling eye to sour a pan of dough, or peel the paper off the wall.

Probably no class of men are thrown into more intimate relations with poets than editors of newspapers. Other men can go three blocks out of their way to avoid a poet, but while some men are born poets, and others achieve poetry, the newspaper

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man has poets thrust upon him in droves; and while we know that it is our duty to deal gently with the poet, and not irritate him, or stroke him the wrong way of the fur, still there are times when it is utterly impossible to do this.

One of these hand-made, patent poets came into this office recently, and he had his manuscript with him. He said he had some poetry, and we immediately told him we didn't believe it. Then he wanted to know why, and we said that we had been fooled so much lately by imitation poetry that we had lost all faith in modern poets, and that we didn't believe that he could show up any poetry. He claimed, however, that he had the boss roundelay of the season of 1883, and only asked one chance for his money, push shots barred, and so we told him to shoot, and to be quick about it. He cleared his bronchial tubes, threw on a few tremulo, flute, vox harmonica, and other stops, and commenced.

"Under the willow a maiden fair
Was braiding her wealth of yellow hair."

"That won't jibe with the tone of this paper," we said sharply.

"It won't?" inquired the poet, in a tone of surprised suddeness.

"Why, no. Don't you realize that this journal isn't a second-hand music-box? The rhythm is all right enough, but you don't seem to catch on to the true ring. Don't you think this would be better?

"'Down in the kitchen a maiden fair
Out of the hash was picking a hair.'"

"Well, possibly, the way you put it," said the poet, shifting uneasily in his chair.

"Why, of course it would. Give us the next stanza."

"She thought of the flowers, the stars above,
And then she thought of the power of love."

"Oh, she did, eh? Well, we shall have to get you to fix that up this way:"

"While thinking of Mike, who was oft beside her,
She turned around and stepped in the spider."

The poor poet wiped away a tear. He saw at once that with our strong, practical, common sense views of life we had him

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severely on the hip; and he couldn't help himself, either.

"Warble the next stanza," we said, curtly.

Breathing hard, like a pacing horse just in from a mile heat, the poor wretch proceeded:

> The wind came up from the sunny south,
> And kissed the maiden on cheek and mouth."

"That verse will do well enough if you'll only make one little change in it."

"What is it?" inquired the perspiring poet, brightening up a trifle, and exhibiting a little more animation.

"Say you make it read this way:"

> "'She grabbed it up with a surly grow-el,
> And wiped it out with a Turkish towel.'"

"That is quite a little change," said the depressed poet. "Do you think it would improve it?"

"Certainly. Swing in with the next carmen."

> "The maiden rose from her rustic seat,
> And silently passed through the lonely street."

"That's the close," he said, timidly, and with a long sigh of relief.

"O, that's the close, is it; all right. Well, you will find we are right along with you. Just alter that this way:

> "'Down on the girl the housewife bore,
> And fired her through the kitchen door.'"

"Now you see, with the aid of the few minor suggestions which we have made, you can trim that thing of yours into some respectable kind of shape. Besides that you have got a poem which you can split—a kind of double-barrelled poem—and sell half to one paper and the other half to another."

The poet exhibited no little alacrity in preparing to take his departure; in fact, he seemed like a man just coming out of a congestive chill. Before he got outside the door, we said:

If you ever get caught in another snap like this, don't be afraid to call around and see us."

The poet said "Thanks," but he won't be likely to drop in again inside of a thousand years.

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REMENYI.

EDOUARD REMENYI, the violin contortionist, was in Austin this week. He played in the Opera-house. Edouard is a great artist in his line—probably the greatest violin player in the world. If he had lived in A.D. 64, he could have fiddled Rome into ashes in one third the time that Nero did. On second thought he couldn't, for Remenyi can't play when there is any bustle or confusion in the audience. That is one of his peculiarities. He is a genius, or supposed to be one, which is all the same. All men of genius have eccentricities, which in them are admired, but in ordinary mortals would be called affectation, or worse. Remenyi insists on perfect quiet when he plays. He says that his old Stradivarius will not respond to his *spirituoso* touch, or words to that effect, unless the quiet surrounding him is so intense that you could hear a heel-tap. He opened his concert, Wednesday night, with *Sonata Pathetique*, by Beethoven. Everything went along smoothly at first, until he got up into the *crescendo* part of the sonate, where the fiddle seemed to be trying to get the audience to understand that, aided by the young man at the piano, it was describing a pack of hungry wolves pursuing a man through a boiler factory. Then Remenyi stopped and looked puzzled. Something had evidently gone wrong. We felt sure that the fiddle had got a hot-box, or that the rosin had given out; but we were mistaken. Signor Remenyi said he could not account for it, but that there was something unsympathetic somewhere in the surroundings. Then, as he looked around the building, a sort of Eureka! expression stole over his countenance, and pointing to a stove hole in the wall under the gallery, he asked the ushers to be so kind as to stop it up, as the vacuum it caused spoiled the acoustic properties of the violin—did violins to its feelings, as it were. Then the concert proceeded until the violin arrived at that part of the *Sonata Pathetique* where it tries to express the low, soft gurgle of the early cocktail rippling down a thirsty throat. Everything was so quiet that you could have heard a pickle jar. At this point a man in the gallery in attempting to adjust his paper collar dropped a pin. It fell into the parquet.

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Signor Remenyi stopped, laid his violin on the piano, folded his arms, and striking a Napoleon-in-exile attitude, declared that such an interruption could not be tolerated, and that he would decline playing until a policeman removed the man with the paper collar, and also the pin. He said that the man could get his money back at the door. The man went out. (He proved to be a country editor who had got in on a complimentary ticket, but he didn't refuse the fifty cents tendered him at the door.) The concert proceeded, until the sonate was finished, without any other interruption, except that Remenyi stopped for a moment to say that there was a bustle in the audience somewhere that must be suppressed. Several ladies blushed, but no further notice was taken of the matter.

Next we had a *Violin Obligato*, or *Atrocito*, or something of that character. There was breathless attention in the audience. The violin seemed in the hands of the master artist to be a thing of life. It moaned, then it emitted a cry of triumph, and the next moment it poured out despairing howls, as if somebody had stepped on its sore toe. Just then Signor Remenyi stopped. He said it was "impossibeel" to continue unless "absoleet" quiet was maintained. There was, he said, a person in the house whose corns were aching; as long as those corns continued to ache, and the owner refused to go out and take the obnoxious corns with him, he "must positeevely refuse to play." If the person had no respect for the player, he should certainly have some consideration for the ladies and gentlemen who came to hear the "moosic."

We left the theatre after this, fearing that the *entente cordiale* between the Signor and his old Stradivarius might be spoiled by something we might do. In our pocket was a note of hand that a man in Houston had given us. The interest was accumulating on it very rapidly. We were afraid that Remenyi might detect the note in the act of drawing interest, and that it might disturb him and cause him to cease playing, so we left. Remenyi is a great musician, but we doubt if there is any place this side of the dark and silent tomb, unless it might be at the bottom of a deserted coal mine, where his tall and lofty genius will have room to shake itself out. The rude noise of the caved-in peanut and the stentorian eating of cloves in a theatre are fatal to it. Remenyi, if you go further west you won't

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make a dollar a week fiddling in the cow counties, and if you don't put cotton in your ears you will have your ear-drums frayed at the edges by somebody dropping a remark over the edge of the gallery.

A FRIGHTENED TENDERFOOT.

GEORGE MERVINE ALLEN is a tenderfoot. He came from Boston to Texas about a week ago, for the purpose of having his health improved under the influence of our balmy climate, and the further purpose of getting into business and growing up with the country. He brought a letter of introduction written to us by a perfect stranger. The stranger, after stating that he considered us the *ne plus ultimatum* of American journalists, said that Mr. Allen was a young man of excellent character, "and any favors shown him would," etc., etc.

We used our influence with our clothing-store friend, Mose Schaumberg, and obtained for Mr. Allen a position as first assistant manager in Schaumberg's Branch Loan Establishment.

Yesterday morning Mr. Allen went to work.

About 2 P.M. he came into our office in a very impromptu and ostentatious manner. The way he moved his legs indicated excitement. His eyes protruded like Cochin China door-knobs and his hair stood on end like quills upon the fretful old-fashioned inkstand.

"I want to go back to Boston. My life is in danger here," he said.

"What! Is the climate too—"

"No, no. The climate is all right, but there is a mob of blood-thirsty scoundrels determined to have my life."

"Calm yourself and explain."

"When I opened the pawnshop this morning a hard-looking Mexican came in, and from beneath his blanket draw a dreadful bowie, as big as a hay knife. He pointed it at my breast and said something in Spanish. Of course I don't know the language, but I had no difficulty in understanding that he wanted

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money or my life. With extraordinary presence of mind I reached into the drawer and drew—"

"A pistol?"

"No. I drew out $7.50—all the cash on hand—and gave it to the assassin. That saved me for a time. The Mexican was so taken by surprise at this meeting of his demand so handsomely that he put the knife down on the counter, and seizing the money, rushed off with it. Soon as the danger was over, and my legs ceased to wobble, I stepped to the door to get a breath of fresh air.

I saw the Mexican haranguing a crowd of his countrymen. He was evidently inciting them to some gory deed of murder and rapine. Before I could put up the shutters and call for the police, a crowd of ten or twelve Mexicans, headed by the highwayman who had enticed the $7.50 out of me, came charging on the shop, each of them armed with an immense knife. Before they reached the front door, I was out of the back, and over the fence. Here I am, but I don't want to locate here permanently. I—"

"The climate is good for your health, isn't it?"

"Health! What kind of health does a dead man enjoy? I'd rather be a live invalid than the most perfectly robust corpse."

"But you said you intended studying the manners and customs of our people."

"I'll be studying the manners and customs of the worms out in the graveyard if I don't get away from here soon. Will you advance me enough to buy a ticket as far as St. Louis?"

Reaching into one of last year's pigeon holes, we extracted a railroad pass and handed it to Mr. Allen with our blessing.

Half an hour afterwards Mose Schaumberg came into our office.

"Dot vas a nice sort of a tenderfoot you recommend fer a glerk in my store?"

"Where is he? Have you seen him lately?"

"I ton't known vere he vas already, but I know he should be dot lunatic asylum in."

"Didn't a Mexican assault him with a knife?"

"Dot Mexican only vanted to porrow a quavater of a tollar on dot knife, but dose greenhorn vas afaraid und gave dot Mexican vat money vas dot drawer in."

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"But he said that afterwards a mob of Mexicans with knives caused him to run for his life."

"He vould run some more already for his life if I got sight mit him. If I vas a Mexican and knowed dere vas a plamed greenhorn in dot pawnbroker peeshness vat advances seven tollar and a halluf on a knife vorth forty cent, I vould pring him a cart-load of knives. Dose Mexicans vanted $7.50 a piece for dose knives. Dot vas all. Dey didn't vant to kill nobodies."

We expressed our regret that the affair had occurred.

"You vill be sorry seven und a halluf tollars vorth ven you get dot bill. I scharge you dot loss pecause you recommend dot crushed-strawberry dood. I don't vant no more young mans vat had faders vat fit mit de revolutions."

LATER.

Since the foregoing was written, we have heard of Mr. Allen. He reached St. Louis without meeting with any accident, for we find the following personal notice in a St. Louis paper:

"The Texas papers boast that life and property is secure, and that no man is persecuted on account of his political opinions in the Lone Star State. Unfortunately these self-confident assertions are not sustained by the experience of gentlemen from the North who visit Texas. We had a very interesting conversation yesterday with Mr. George Mervine Allen, of Boston, who went to Austin, Texas, for his health. While in Austin, Mr. Allen incautiously admitted that he was from Boston, and that he favored the election of a Republican President. The first attempt on Mr. Allen's life was made by a single hired assassin, but Mr. Allen, with genuine Yankee shrewdness, bought his life from the assassin by paying a large sum of money. Before Mr. Allen could make his preparations for flight, he was assaulted by a mob armed with knives. Thanks to his legs, Mr. Allen escaped, boarded the next train, and is now in our city, a lively witness of the fact that no Northern man, unless he is a rabid Democrat, is safe in Texas. As long as this state of affairs prevails in Texas, Northern capital and enterprise will seek other and more remunerative fields of investment."

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PHOTOGRAPHER—"Now, please stand perfectly still, and don't wink——"
WIFE OF HIS BOSOM, WHO IS NOT BLIND—"If I only *catch* him *winking*—great Scott!"

PLAYING LEGISLATURE.

"What will we play now?" inquired a little Austin boy of his companion, after they had exhausted all known remedies in the way of games.

"Let's play legislature."

"How do you play it?"

"Why, call me."

"Call you! What shall I call you—Tommy?"

"No, no; you just call me and I'll show down."

"Show what down?"

"O, pshaw! If you don't know how to play legislature, how do you expect to do anything toward governing the people when you get to be a man?"

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PRIVATE EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

DEAR KNOX:

The worst kind of a feud has broken out in the Del Valle settlement between Doc Johnson and his brother Tiff. There is no telling where it may end, as both parties are very much exasperated. I would not be surprised to hear any day that some unknown person had poisoned one of Doc Johnson's dogs, or that the tail of one of Tiff's cows had been mysteriously cut off close up to where it emerges from the animal. There was a rumor yesterday on the streets that Tiff Johnson had sent Doc Johnson back a borrowed fishing pole with an impudent message as to what disposition to make of the pole, but this rumor has not been confirmed up to the hour of mailing this letter. There may be nothing in it. The general impression is that the feud was started by Tiff taunting Doc with his being a member of the Texas Legislature, but this is denied by Tiff himself, who says that he has kept that episode in the life of his brother as quiet as possible, on account of the respectable members of the family, who live in Ohio, and who are as yet in blissful ignorance of Doc's depravity.

Appreciating the importance of the affair, I have made, at considerable inconvenience to myself, a thorough investigation. I took three beers with Tiff at Jules Bornefeld's saloon, and before we had finished the third one I knew more about the feud than Tiff did. By the way, Jules Bornefeld says that you and old Governor Roberts came into his saloon about twelve o'clock on the night preceding the day you left Austin for New York, and drank three bottles of champagne, and that they have not been paid for yet. He told me to write to you and ask you if you had forgotten it, or if the wine was to be chalked against the Governor.

But to return to Tiff and his feud with Doc. What do you suppose is the real cause of the trouble? You know that setter dog that Doc imported all the way from Houston, when it was a pup—the dog, of course; it came by express, and we had it in our office for a day or so, which was very disagreeable. His father, you remember, was a Gordon setter out of Hore-

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hound by Peruvian Bark, dam Borax, out of Bromide of Potassium. It was a little inconvenient to give the beast all his titles when calling to him in the abrupt manner in which people generally address dogs, so he was called Duke for short. It would sound strange to call out to a dog: "You Gordon out of Horehound by Peruvian Bark, dam Borax, out of Bromide of Potassium, get out of this house, or I'll kick the pedigree out of you, you whelp!" The dog might not catch the meaning, but almost any dog could understand: "Duke, get out!" Even a real duke could understand that, particularly if Doc Johnson simultaneously lifted up a foot as big as a half-grown canal boat. Doc Johnson said that the mother of this imported animal carried off the Astley stakes, but he got red on the back of the neck when I asked him how Mrs. Astley came to be so careless as to leave the steaks where the dog could reach them. That was the dog we took along when we went hunting on Onion Creek, and that spoiled all the sport by flushing everything that came along, including cows, polecats, and other game birds. Well, this dog is the cause of the feud between the Johnson brothers, which is liable at any time to result in bad language, if nothing worse.

Notwithstanding that Duke is about the meanest scrub of a dog I ever saw, Doc just dotes on him. I am sorry to say the brute does not reciprocate Doc's attentions. He runs after anybody who comes along, and leaves Doc to shift for himself, just as if he was not a member of the legislature. Doc has felt very much hurt at the conduct of the animal, particularly when the brute took up with Tiff, who has never soared any higher in political life than being a justice of the peace for one term. You remember Tiff when he was a justice, how he held court, sitting on the fence back of the barn. Still Doc loves the dog, and it was alleged brutality to the gifted animal that caused the rupture of friendly relations between the brothers, whose farms adjoin, and who are usually as intimate as Pythias and Dionysius.

To enable you to understand how this dog, which was the apple of Doc Johnson's eye, became the apple of discord, I must go back a little. For the past month the standing water in the hog wallows of the prairies near the Johnsons' ancestral castles has been infested with wild ducks. They were the wildest

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kind of ducks, for they flew away whenever Tiff tried to shoot them. There is, of course, no cover on the prairie, and long before Tiff and his gun were within range, up they flew, and off they went, just like a squad of Austin policemen when Ben Thompson is having some fun with his little pistol. All Tiff's pants are patched at the knees from his crawling on all-fours over miles of rough prairie with roast duck in his eyes, and his trusty smooth-bore in his hands, loaded with duck-shot. Thus far he has not got a single duck. It makes Tiff mad to be balked. He was determined to have some of those wild ducks, or perish in the prairie. He tried to fool them by hiding behind his horse, "old Crib," but that was too thin. The ducks could see Tiff between the horse's ribs. The ducks refused to wait for him to come up. Finally, a happy thought occurred to him. He laughed at the idea that it had not occurred to him before. Why not catch the ducks with a hook and line? With Tiff, as with Napoleon, to plan is to execute. He cut several lengths of fishing line, fastened hooks to the ends, waded into the water, and fastened the other ends to stakes, and having baited the hooks, he retired a few hundred yards to inspire the ducks with confidence. I forgot to mention that, besides his death-dealing shotgun and the flask, Tiff was accompanied by Doc's precious blooded dog "Duke." While thus sitting in secret session, so to speak, Tiff fell head first into a reverie. The prairies are full of reveries. I believe I mentioned that, besides the dog and the gun, Tiff was accompanied by a flask.

It was while thus musing that Tiff fell into the reverie. It was not a very deep reverie, so he was not much hurt. He dreamed that his campaign plan of capturing votes, I mean ducks, was a grand success. He saw before him the vast prairie, the surface of which was dotted with large ponds, on the surface of which fluttered innumerable ducks, none of which could escape, for they had taken the bait. All they had to do was to flutter away until Tiff came along, took the hook out of their bills, and wrung their necks. So vivid was this dream—for it was mostly a dream—that Tiff imagined he smelt roast duck with apple sauce and a bottle of beer.

Gradually the scene changed. Before his eyes was spread out the Del Valle settlement, but it was so transformed that, at first, he could not believe his senses. Instead of a few scattered

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farms, he saw a flourishing town. There were rows of neat cottages, a church and a school-house, the latter swarming with healthy, joyous children, that made the welkin ring with their merry laughter, an entirely new welkin having been built for the special accommodation of the little ones. The source of all this prosperity loomed up grandly in the shape of an immense five-story building, on the top of which was a large sign bearing the legend:

ROAST DUCK CANNERY.

TIFF JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR.

Yes, success had attended the humble beginning with the fishing line. Tiff Johnson's roast duck in cans were celebrated all over the United States. The cannery furnished employment to hundreds of people, and they all revered Tiff Johnson, for he was kind and liberal to all. A railroad conveyed the tons of roast duck to the larger cities. To the right was a palatial residence, the residence of the founder of the town, and which was named "Tiffjohnsonville." A palace car similar to that of Jay Gould was at the depot, at his disposal.

Tiff was suddenly awakened by the barking of a dog. Tiffjohnsonville vanished as if by magic. In its place was the flat hog-wallow prairie. In the distance was the pond, circling round which was a flock of ducks, about to alight and be captured. Just at this crisis, when it was important that no noise should be made, that wonderful blooded setter of Doc Johnson's refused to set. He broke for the ducks, with the evident object of flushing them, before they could enjoy the banquet Tiff had so generously prepared for them. Tiff ran after the Duke. It is not uncommon for people to run after dukes, but Tiff wanted to choke and maul the brute, which is not the kind of courtesies usually extended to dukes by the average American. If there had been a spectator present, he might have supposed that they were running a friendly race, just to see which could scare away the ducks first, but the mind of the spectator would have been disabused could he have heard the frightful language used by Tiff to the son of Horehound by Peruvian Bark, dam Borax, out of Bromide of Potassium. Tiff said even worse things than that about the impulsive animal.

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The dog reached the water-hole, which was quite shallow, and waded about in it, waving his feather-duster tail with the proud consciousness of having performed a meritorious act. Tiff stood at the edge endeavoring with honeyed phrases to induce, the intelligent animal to come out, so that he could drag him about by the hind legs, and mutilate him with his heel, so mad was Tiff. The dog did not come out. At first Tiff thought the dog suspected the purity of his motives in urging him to come out, particularly as the brute elevated his intellectual nose, and howled pathetically as if to say: "Let me off this time, and I'll never do so again." Once more he elevated his nose and intoned a solemn requiem, executing at the same time some extraordinary distress signals with his left leg. Then it occurred to Tiff that perhaps he had a nibble at his trot line, and so he had. The illustrious offspring of Horehound by Peruvian Bark was securely staked out in the middle of the pond. The dog had a great deal to say, and he said it so that it could be heard for several miles, but that did not disturb Tiff as much as what his brother would say. Being a member of the legislature, he could bring powerful influences to bear that would crush Tiff. The latter knew how to play and land a large catfish after he had hooked him, but how to land a large dog puzzled him much. He ultimately waded into the cold water and endeavored to extricate the animal. We may remark incidentally that this was the first time Tiff ever attempted to steal a dog. He certainly hooked Doc's setter.

The aquatic struggle in the water resembled somewhat the uncouth gambolings of two marine monsters. But I must close this painful chapter. I have neither the space nor the desire to reproduce the language of Tiff. The publication of excessive profanity in a public journal, even as a quotation, is improper. It was a mournful sight to observe the compiler of wild ducks crossing the bleak prairie at a double quick with the eloquent dog under his arm.

He reached home in safety. His children expressed a craving for all the details, but his replies were hasty and abrupt. The nose of the unfortunate animal was tied up with a rope, and while Tiff was on his knees engaged in extracting that hook, Doc came in, with his legislative mien, to borrow some molasses in a cup. The scene that followed was painful. Tiff endeav-

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ored to mollify the doctor by revealing to him the vision of the roast duck cannery, but in vain.

And now those two brothers go about telling reminiscences of each other. Tiff says that when John Morgan raided through Ohio he stole a scrub pony from Doc Johnson, but when the State of Ohio had to pay for the horses stolen by Morgan, Doc claimed that the horse was worth $200, and he got it. Doc says Tiff drinks.

SWEET.

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

WHEN old man Syntax, as he was familiarly called, came to Texas, he was one of those unfortunate mortals whose lives are one unbroken run of bad luck. He was always on the point of consummating some great achievement when a combination of disastrous circumstances would squelch all his hopes. Sadness and sorrow brooded over his early life, and grief and bereavement had the drop on him in his old age. Many and many a time, when he was about to get the better of a greenhorn in a trade, would some one take the greenhorn aside and Syntax would be foiled. Often and often when a piece of buttered toast would be raised to his mouth would it fall to the ground, and in nine cases out of ten would the buttered side be down. And thus the whirling years went round and old man Syntax was sad and gloomy. He had a son, named Tom, and Tom was wild and would never settle down to steady work. He and the old man moved to the vicinity of San Angelo, Texas, and soon after their arrival, when fortnne was beginning to relax her features preparatory to smiling on them, Tom was hung by a mob of lynchers who mistook him for another man. He was a martyr to circumstantial evidence. The lynchers felt very sorry when

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they discovered their mistake, and they appointed a committee to wait upon Tom's bereaved parent and apologize.

The committee called on old man Syntax.

"We regret the—the accident, Col. Syntax, and we assure you it will not occur again."

"Gentlemen," said the old man sadly, "Its putty tough on me, but I'm gittin' kinder used to misfortune.

"Had much trouble before, old man?"

"Trouble! Well I should sob. Why, I've never had nothing else 'ceptin' trouble and disapintment."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Some years ago I went into the cattle business near Austin, and in a short time, considering my capital, by hard, hard work, I accumulated a large herd of cattle, from which I expected to realize something handsome, but just as I was gittin' ready to drive them off and sell them, a lot of men came to my ranch and took possession of the whole bunch."

"How could they do that if you could prove that the cattle were——"

"Hey?"

"They were your cattle, were they not?"

"And after that me and Tom started a store in San Antonio, and would have made a heap of money out of it if the fire insurance company had paid up."

"Why didn't the insurance company pay you for your loss?"

"Hey?"

"I say, why didn't——"

"And then Tom and me we discovered a mine out on the Hondo canyon, and we got a rich Englishman interested, and we had some chunks of ore assayed, and we were mighty near gittin' $10,000 for a half interest."

"What prevented the Englishman from purchasing?"

"Hey?"

"I say, why didn't the——"

"As I was saying, me and Tom we come here, and we were just going to open out in the land business, when you'uns took Tom out and hung him."

The old man wiped the moisture from his eyes, and the chairman of the vigilance committee was visibly affected as he said:

"Col. Syntax, the committee requested me, in token of their

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sincere grief at having bereaved you of your son, to tender you a purse of one hundred dollars."

The face of the old man lighted up and his fingers moved nervously as if eager to handle the funds:

"Gentlemen, I believe my spell of bad luck is broken. It is a long lane that has no turning, and I *reckon* that my turn has come. So you are going to pay me for having hung Tom? I knew that boy would be a source of revenue to me some day. Gentlemen, I've spent hundreds of dollars to lawyers gittin' that boy out of jail."

"We were going to give you a purse of one hundred dollars but I think I had better give you——".

"Two hundred!"

"No—ten minutes to leave the town, you old scoundrel."

A CLOSE CALL.

"Do you see that man going up on the other side of the street? Well, sir, that identical man was as near death one day last week as a man ever gets to be and lives. I tell you it was a narrow escape."

"How was it? Was he in a railroad smash-up, or did he get choked trying to swallow one of your fish stories?"

"No, sir; he was in a tight place, but superstition saved him. You have heard of people dying from the effects of superstitious beliefs, but I'll bet that is the first man you ever saw whose life was saved by superstition. I confess I am superstitious. It is very foolish, but I acknowledge my weakness. This is how it happened: That man over there—his name is Culcut—he met me on the street and cussed me, and told me I was a liar. It was all on account of an old trouble. I got blazing mad, and I was just ready to jump on him when I remembered—"

"That he was bigger than you?"

"No, it wasn't that."

"Afraid that he had a pistol?"

"No, sir; but just as I was about to hit him a fatal blow at the butt of the ear, it all at once flashed over my mind that *it was Friday*, and you know Friday is an unlucky day to begin

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anything on. I was, therefore, balked of my revenge, and Culcut was saved for the time being. But he was rash, reckless, and foolhardy. He did not realize the close call he had, and he reached out for me and hit me against the grocery store, jarring the establishment from the soap boxes in the cellar to the damaged coffee drying on the roof. I was mad, I tell you, and I was about to pound him into jelly when I thought—"

"Thought he might hit you again, did you?"

"No; I thought of a dream I had the night before. I had *dreamed of eggs.* In my dream I saw a pale youth eat six dozen hard-boiled eggs. Knowing that everything one does the day after dreaming about eggs is unlucky and turns out badly, I let him off again, but he did not appreciate my leniency. With a hair-brained temerity that was worthy of a nobler cause, he caught me by the neck and banged my head on the sidewalk. This time I was determined to end his brief earthly career. When I got up I went for him. I was just raging, and I could hardly see for the sparks that were flashing from my eyes. As I was about giving him a *coup de grace* with my left hand, it all at once occurred to me that—"

"That you had had enough?"

"No; that I had that morning *spilled the salt* at breakfast. You know that there is nothing presages such disaster as that. I held off on that account, and was turning to go away, when, apparently with an insane desire to throw away his life and die in his tracks, Culcut knocked me down and stamped on me. When I got up I didn't care a cent for Friday, or egg dreams, or anything else. My blood was up. I was determined to wipe him out of existence, letting his blood be on his own head; but just as I was in the act of gathering myself together for a spring at him I realized—"

"That you were a dodgasted fool for not running away?"

"Not at all. I realized that this would be my thirteenth fight. I had been licked twelve times during my short life, and thirteen being an unlucky number, I did not wish to risk myself in the thirteenth difficulty just then, so I yelled for the police, and they came and prevented Culcut from exasperating me beyond endurance. I assure you, sir, he had a close call. If it hadn't been for my superstitious feelings, nothing could have saved him."

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MISTAKEN IN THE MAN.

PROPRIETOR BRIC-A-BRAC STORE: "You no like ze lamps I show you; very vell sair, I show you some more. Possibeely you no like ze lamp modern. You vant ze lamp antiqe?"

HARD-TO-PLEASE CUSTOMER: "What ye givin' us? Do I look like a man that wanted a lamp on tick? No, *Sir*, I want one for about $2 50 cash."

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HE WANTED AN ADVERTISEMENT.

As he shot into the editorial arena, he wiped his bald head with a gaudy silk handkerchief.

"I want to be attacked," he said, and he winked at the Answers-to-correspondents editor.

"The man who attacks people, and who sheds the innocent gore of indignant readers who have had their names spelled wrong in the papers, can be found down that passage, second door on the left," said the mild young person who was inditing an answer to Julia B.'s request for a recipe to remove freckles from her ear.

"You misunderstand my meaning, young man," said the stranger, as he dived into the side pocket of his duster and produced a 6x8 business card, on which was printed:

B. H. PULKERHAM,

dealer in

Choice Teas, Unparalleled Coffee, Cheapest Sugars, and all Kinds of Family Groceries, Domestic and Imported, at the

GREAT CONTINENTAL STORE AND HOME SUPPLY EMPORIUM.

93 Washington Avenue.

"Well, Mr. Pulkerham, what can we do for you?" said the editor.

"You see, mister, its just this way," said the grocer as he took a chair. "Business ain't what it ought to be, and ordinary advertising don't seem to draw trade worth a cent. Now, ever since Scheidelhoff, who keeps the tea store on the corner above, was accused in the papers of having two wives living, one in the peniten-

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tiary and t'other hawking fruit in St. Louis, the women flock to his store to buy their groceries, and he is doing a blazing business. Now I was thinking that if one of you smart men would just write up a column or so about me, and say as how I had eloped with the two beautiful daughters of one of our leading citizens —needn't mention names, you know—and that my wife, for the sake of the family, has kept the horrid secret to herself, it might draw. And you might say—to give the thing snap, as it were —that I had been converted to the Mormon faith. I tell you if you work it right, all of Scheidelhoff's customers will just pour around to my store. I'll go away fishing for a few days to make the thing look feasible like, and the sympathy that my wife will get and the trade she'll do will give my business a boom that will tide us over these dull times."

"You are not half as much of a fool as you look," said the editor.

"Well, that's neither here nor there. You send up one of your young men to take the bearings of my place and to get some points as to my bad character from the neighbors. Give me a whole column; don't spare me; say that I keep my old grandmother chained in a cellar. Pile it on as thick as you have a mind to. I'll pay the bill—full rates. A whole column, remember, on the first page, with big headlines. So long!"

THE AFFABLE DEMON.

Of all the fiends that infect the jungles, streets, and saloons of large cities in search of prey, the sociable fiend is the most to be dreaded. By the sociable fiend we refer to that quiet, familiar demon who halts you on the street in a manner that causes you to infer that he has something important to communicate. After the persuasive demon has fastened one of his devil-fish tentacles on your coat-collar, or into your buttonhole, it is almost impossible to shake him off. He never withdraws on his own

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motion. Unlike the festive fourth of July pistol, he never hurts anybody by going off prematurely. As soon as the affable demon has fastened himself on a friend, he slowly backs that friend up against a wall, thus cutting off all chances of retreat. Having anchored his victim, he begins to climb up on him as if he were a ladder. The affable demon then places his mouth within a few inches of the victim's nose, and begins to chew him up. At least, to anybody across the street who observes the upward and downward motion of his jaw, it seems as if the victim was being eaten alive by the fiend. The victim, however, acquires a great deal of information, and perhaps some tobacco-juice on his shirt-bosom. No matter how much he may relax his features, the affable demon never relaxes his grasp. Time is no object to him. He can hold out all day.

The sole mission of the fiend's life is to talk. If he had nobody to talk to he would die. He is a mistake of nature. He was intended for a fashionable woman. Occasionally the affable demon will quit a victim before the vital spark has fled. If, while he is sucking the life-blood out of a victim, the fiend observes a group of gentlemen chatting together, he will quit the victim temporarily to break up that group. He creates more consternation the the street than a deputy sheriff in search of a jury.

There are a number of remedies for attacks of the sociable fiend. The best one is to thrust a revolver down his throat as soon as he opens his mouth, and fire it off six consecutive times. This mild sort of a remonstrance produces a fine moral effect. Another method to rescue a victim from his destroyer, is on the co-operative plan. A secret society, something like the Masons, is organized. The members pledge themselves by fearful oaths to unite to rescue a brother whenever they see him in the clutches of this human devil-fish. The usual plan is to rush up and pretend to be collecting for a church, or some such charitable purpose. This causes the demon to relinquish his grasp, and remember an appointment uptown.

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KNOX'S LETTER.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WONDERS.

'TWAS midnight in the calm, sequestered Bowery. The joyous tones of youths' and maidens' voices and the fragrant perfumes of six-cent whiskey and two-for-a-nickel cigars mingled harmoniously with the soft cadence of a bob-tail street car going around the corner closely pursued by a man with an umbrella in his hand. 'Twas midnight. The saloons and concert halls were all crowded, and the street was alive with revellers. 'Twas midnight—the same old midnight before alluded to—and the National Museum of Wonders was ablaze with light. Outside this fairy palace stood a tall, gaunt man dressed in a linen duster, a white hat, and a virtue-is-its-own-reward expression of countenance. With a cane held in a bony, tremulous and dirty hand he pointed from one to another of the marvellous cartoons that adorned the exterior of the building. The rum-soaked tones of his sepulchral voice seemed to come up from the bilious depths under his stained linen waistcoat as he expatiated on the wonders contained in the National Museum, and so gorgeously depicted in blue, red and yellow on the canvas outside.

"You can see all that's of it in two minutes, but it will cost you a dime," said my guide and guardian, the detective.

"Perish the gold!" I cried, unable to restrain the tumultuous curiosity that was coursing through my soul. "Let us enter and see the great national wonders."

We paid our dimes and received two soiled and worn tickets from an equally soiled and worn man at the door. The inside of the museum was as disappointing as the small oyster inside of the can with the enormous bivalve on the label. The imagination excited by the flaming panorama outside had conjured up a vision composed of memories of the Arabian Nights and

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Christmas pantomimes. The reality was only a dimly-lighted and dirty room, dirty walls bedaubed with dirty pictures, and dirty seats occupied by about a dozen particularly dirty spectators. The thing they were spectating, when we entered, was a fat girl in abbreviated petticoats, and with an ounce or more of red paint on her cheeks, who stood upon a small stage at the end of the room and who was engaged in chanting in a penny-trumpet voice the praises of a certain Mr. Maloney. When she had finished the eleventh verse by declaring for the eleventh time that "There's no sich a man as Maloney!" she bowed in grateful acknowledgment of the man and the boy who applauded, and skippingly retired. As the boy continued in a weak way to applaud after she had retired and concealed as much of herself as she could get behind the narrow wings, she accepted his mild demonstration as an enthusiastic encore, and out she skipped again and treated us to several more of her tuneful eulogies on Mr. Maloney and his superiority to the rest of the human race.

Then a tall, pale man in rusty black came solemnly forward to the footlights. He might have been a brother of the bilious man at the door. He was afflicted with the same kind of voice. His trousers were strapped down so tightly, to induce them to make connection with his ankles, that it made me nervous, for I was afraid that, in trying to raise his voice from the depths of wherever it was, he might break the straps, and I turned away my head as I pictured the dreadful consequences that would ensue. His pants would inevitably fly up around his neck.

He said: "I will now in'o'doose t'yer notice Mr. Montague Fitzaltamount in his Sarah-comic song." The tall, pale man, in rusty black, did nothing of the kind, however, but bobbed out at one of the wings just as Mr. Fitzaltamount, who appeared to have been listening at the key-hole, bobbed in on the other side. Mr. F. was clearly not a representative of the aristocracy of wealth or talent. His manner had not that repose, nor did he wear the shirt, or bear traces of the soap and water which mark the caste of *Vere de Vere*. The only symptoms of blue blood about him were concentrated in the end of his nose. He sang the saddest of comic songs, and the rakish air he assumed made the song all the sadder. He was encored in the same rapturous manner that had previously recalled Miss De Veeleville.

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Then the man with the voice in his boots came out and stated that he would "now in'o'doose Mr. Algernon St. Johns, a famous clog dancer," who, he assured us, had for many years delighted the crowned heads of Europe. There was nothing of the dude about Mr. St. John, who was attired in a dark blue shirt and a pair of light trousers, stained all over with islands and continents of the beer of the past. The poverty of his raiment was probably due to the fact that he had invested his little all in a chain of virgin gold metal that jingled like a tin pedler's stock in trade, as he danced.

The background of the stage represented the boundless ocean and the illimitable sky of New Jersey, all painted with strict Bob Ingersoll infidelity to Nature. The effect of this masterpiece was marred by a square trap-door half in the sea and half in the blue vault above.

"I will now," said the pale man in rusty black, "in'o'doose t'yer notice Rhoda, or the Mysterious Lady, who had the honor of appearing before Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle, on the seventh of May, 1881, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon."

He pulled out the square piece of sea and sky, the man at the piano banged a chord in the basso end of the instrument, and Rhoda, the Mysterious Lady, exactly as she had appeared at half-past two o'clock on that memorable occasion, was revealed to the vulgar populace of New York. She consisted apparently of a head without a body, perched on a table. "Who are you?" inquired the deep-voiced one in awe-struck tones. "I am Rhoda, the Mysterious Lady," piped a childish voice. "She is Rhoda, the Mysterious Lady," repeated the in'o'dooser admiringly. "Sing us a song," he added somewhat irreverently. Rhoda sang a weak ditty, the sea and sky went back to its place, and as the good John Bunyan would say, we saw her no more.

Along one side of the room ran a platform, and on the platform sat the Circassian Princess, whose attractions were blazoned outside in resplendent grandeur. She was a good-looking girl enough, despite the way her hair was scrambled, gummed up and frizzed, until it resembled the flames of a haystack on fire. But the poor Princess looked sad and weary. She had been sitting there in lonely state all the afternoon and even-

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ing to be jeered at by drunken sailors and admired by country louts. Was she thinking of her far-away Circassian home and dreaming sadly of the splendors of her royal father's court, from which she had been ruthlessly borne off by the enterprising proprietor of the National Museum of Wonders, who spared no expense in catering for the amusement of his distinguished patrons? (See advertisement and small handbills.) Was she not meditating upon the possibilities of the four dirty dollar bills—it was Saturday night—that were then reposing in her purse and which constituted her weekly pay? Yes! She was surely tormented with visions of her landlady, and of the cross, rheumatic old mother awaiting her in that miserable Baxter street attic that she honors with the blessed name of home. Poor little Princess! There is little happiness for you in the gilt and tinsel of your royal robes. Better be plying the weary needle until the eyes were sore and the fingers ached; better be hawking newspapers or oranges in the crowded, muddy streets, better—oh, far better—be once more a barefooted, hungry child on that Irish hillside far away, or be sleeping peacefully beneath its sod, than be sitting here in all this tawdry, vulgar finery, inhaling the fœtid fumes of gas and smoke and vile drinks, and listening to the wretched language of the hoodlums and the painted harlot. An early death, poor little princess, is the best thing we can wish thee here.

Bah! the fumes of rum and tobacco are sickening. We have seen all the wonders of the museum! Come, let us go!

We cast one backward glance at the Circassian Princess. Her weary little head has sunk to one side. She is asleep! Would that she might never wake is the wish of my heart, as the detective takes my arm and we pass out into the cool night.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

A RESEMBLANCE.

"Colonel Wilson is a fine-looking man ain't he?" said a friend of ours, the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once." "You! why, you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that; I was taken for him: I indorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the sheriff.'

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THE COWBOY POET.

A person named Buttes is just now posing in Washington, D. C., as a "Cowboy Poet." He is not, however, posing *en groupe* because there is only one of him. He claims to be the great and only cowboy poet in the world, and if you do not believe it, you can see him almost any day bending over his books in one of the departments.

But Mr. Buttes is not the long-haired, bow-legged, shackle-gaited cowboy of the poet's dreams. He has never been west of the Mississippi River, never roped a two-year-old steer, never branded a maverick, never killed a saloon-keeper, never broke up a dancing party by shooting the male members and firing the haystack, never cut any barbed-wire fence, and never illuminated a whole town in the dead hour of the night by the cheerful glare of a burning court-house or county jail.

Therefore we are forced to believe that the claims of Mr. Buttes are not fully grounded on the cold substratum of truth. Cowboys do not rhyme of "love" and "dove" and "maid" and "glade" and "sundown" and "done brown." Mr. Buttes may be a very good Pennsylvania Avenue cowboy, but somehow he doesn't smack of the true Western flavor. In short, if Mr. Buttes will persist in masquerading as a raw and bloody poet of the bull-pen, let him give to the world something in this vein:

DEFIANCE.

I'm a Buzzard from the Brazos, on a tear;
Hear me toot!
I'm a lifter of the flowing locks of hair;
Hear me hoot!

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I'm a Rocker from the Rockies,
And of all the town the talk is,
"He's a Pirate of the Pampas,
On the shoot.

Those who love me call me "Little Dynamite."
I'm a pet.
I'm a walking, stalking Terror of the Night,
You can bet.
By my nickel-plated teasers
Many a rusty-featured Greaser's
Sun has set.

Sometimes I strike an unprotected town,
Paint it red;
Choke the Sheriff, turn the Marshal upside down
On his head.
Call for drinks for all the party,
And if chinned by any smarty,
Pay in lead.

I'm a coyote of the Sunset, "Prairie Dude,"
Hear my zip!
In the company of gentlemen I'm rude
With my lip.
Down in front! Remove that nigger,
Or I'll perforate his figure!
I am fly, I am flighter,
I am flip!

Accompanied by the usual amount of modesty customary in such delicate cases, we submit the above to Mr. Buttes as a kind of guide, sample, or model for his future efforts in the way of convincing the people of this hemisphere that he is a genuine cowboy with the true cowboy flavored afflatus.

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OPERATIC NOTE.

MUSICAL FAIR ONE—"Did you ever hear the chimes of Normandy, Mr. De Smith?"
DE SMITH—"No—haven't had the pleasure—never been to Fraunce, you know."

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ANANIAS PUTNEY.

"WELL, bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Putney, as her husband, Ananias, deposited a box covered with brown wrapping paper on the centre-table. "What have you got there?"

"Books," said Ananias, throwing his overcoat into an Eastlake arm-chair and kicking off his arctics; "it's a whole set of Gibbons's Rome."

"Picture books?" inquired Mrs. Putney.

"No, nor novels, nor hymns, nor romances, nor dictionaries, but plain facts—it's history."

"History of the war?"

"Well, no, yes, several wars. Madam, I'm going to start a library, and this is a nucl'us."

"History of a Nucl'us. Oh, that will be nice!"

"There you go again. I'm just proud of you, I am. I'm—"

Here Ananias broke the string with a vicious snap, threw off the paper, took off the cover, and placed the set where the light would strike them favorably.

"How would you like to know all that's in them, Partheny?"

"Do you, Ananias?" queried Mrs. Putney.

"Don't I? Of course you won't get time to read 'em, it is'nt expected of you, but I can give you a synopsis of the difficulties that this man Gibbons had with the Roman Empire. You see it's a history of Rome."

"Yes, how nice!" said Mrs. Putney, pounding away at the base burner and filling it up with coal. Ananias continued talking as though he was addressing the foreman of a nail factory.

"The Roman Empire was laid out by Romeo and Juliet, and Romeo did most of the surveying, and, consequently had a

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chance to gobble on to all the choicest corner lots in the town, which he held for a rise. This only left Juliet some of the poorer and less valuable real estate, and it nettled him awfully to see Romeo closing out all his lots at high figures, and—are you hearing, Partheny?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Putney, "there's the baby waking up in the next room. Just one minute, please," and the little woman darted in after the child.

"Confound the baby!" soliloquized Ananias. Mrs. Putney returned with the condemned child, and commenced trotting it on her knee, where it furnished a full chorus for the rather discordant solo of Mr. Putney.

"So you see Juliet determined to kill Romeo at the first favorable opportunity—darn that child—and they were twins at that, and one day he invited Romeo to dinner with him and contrived to introduce an asp into some kind of fruit they had for dinner, watermelons, or pawpaws, or something of that—dog-gone that young one!—sort, and the asp stung Romeo on the arm and he peyanked right then and there, and Mark Anthony delivered a funeral oration over his dead body while it lay in the—can't you quiet the kid!—undertaker's shop. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, dear—there's the door bell. Just hold the baby a minute," and Mrs. Putney ran out into the hall.

"It was only a pedler," she said, returning and relieving Ananias of the child, which he had held upside down during the interval. "Now, what were you saying about the town lots being so high, or was it rents?"

"Is that as far as you heard, Mrs. Putney?" sternly inquired Ananias.

"The baby cried so," pleaded the little woman.

"But, holy smoke, woman! I can't make a bellows of myself! Can't you quiet that young one?"

"I guess I'd better carry it out to Jane," and again Mrs. Putney, for the third time, evacuated the room. She soon returned, but had scarcely stepped across the threshold when the bell rang again. Two ladies called, and were invited into the lecture-room of Mr. Putney. After a few formalities of the season, Mrs. Putney observed:

"Ananias has just brought home some new books about

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Rome, and he has been giving me a synopsis of them. He says—"

Here Ananias coughed hysterically, and tried in vain to attract the attention of his wife.

"He says that it is Gibbons's Rome—"

"Partheny," said Ananias; "don't you think the stove needs filling?"

"I've just filled it, dear," continued the little lady. "Ananias says that Rome was laid out by Romeo and Juliet—"

"Partheny!" bawled Ananias, "I believe I heard the baby crying."

"O, no, I guess not. Jane will take care of her. Ananias says that Romeo did all the surveying—"

"That who did?" interrupted one of the lady callers.

"That Romeo, one of the men—a twin brother of Juliet's—"

"Why Rome was founded by Remus and Romulus," said the other lady caller.

"But that can't be," replied Mrs. Putney, serenely; "Ananias says it was Romeo and Juliet, and that Romeo secured all the choice corner lots—"

"I guess, Partheny," said Mr. Putney, with a very red face, and rattling the stove violently," that you must have misunderstood me."

"Perhaps so, but never mind that," turning to the lady callers; "at any rate Juliet, or Romeo, or Romulus, whatever his name was, was poisoned by an asp—"

"There, there, Partheny," broke in Mr. Putney, I did hear the baby cry, now, for a fact. Wish it would have a fit!"

The last sentence was ground out between Mr. Putney's teeth.

"Well, I'll go out presently, dear;—and Ananias says that Mark Anthony delivered a funeral oration over his grave."

"Why, Mark Antony, I suppose he is the one you refer to, did not live until hundreds of years after the founding of Rome," said lady caller No. 1

"And it was Cleopatra who was stung by the asp," said lady caller No. 2.

"Then," said Mrs. Putney, dubiously, "it must have been some other Anthony."

"Why that's just too ridiculous for anything," said lady caller No. 1.

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Mr. Putney glared at her.

"Well, at any rate, they had watermelons and pawpaws—"

"Partheny, I must go down and see a man about fixing the cellar door. Ladies, you must excuse me, but you will get along all right, only remember, my wife is getting that little story about Rome mixed up somewhat, and when she goes astray you straighten her out."

DIZZY THE DANDY;

OR, THE RIOT AT RUCTION RANCH.

A Tale of Texan Terror.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun had just finished creeping over the eastern horizon, and was fairly getting in his work on the morning dew, when a lone horsewoman could be dimly seen on the boundless prairie ambling on a roan palfrey, and at the same time chanting a low melancholy dirge. The words of the refrain, which floated out on the morning air, were these:

Alack! well-a-day, and alack!
That my lover should never come back,
With his hop and his skip,
His curly hair lip;
The strawberry blond,
The weazen, dog-goned
William Adolphus Perfritter.
Alack! and alack!
He has give me the sack,
The low-down, triflin' critter!

The sun continued to struggle up, and soon got the best of the horizon, and the cinnamon-haired maiden continued to struggle along on her roan broncho.

Bright, sparkling, melancholy and gloomy, she formed a rare composite of sunshine and shadow, which, in this weird western climate, is so perfectly *tarantula del sombrero.*

In the dim distance toward which the lady was ambling on

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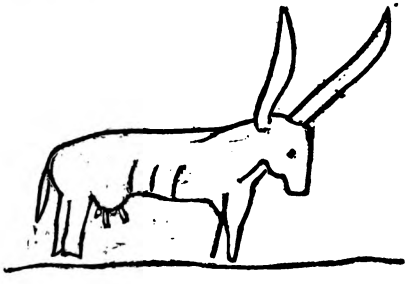
her roan palfrey, was the lone log-hut of a sheep ranchero, standing near a large solitaire yellow dog, with a head like a water-cooler, and ears like the Sunday edition of a New York paper.

The dog was a perfectly worthless, suckegg kind of a pup. He was retained by the ranchero, not for his intrinsic worth, nor merely as an ornament, but for the sake of a strange friendship which had for some time existed between him and one of the ranchero's cows. It was a real curiosity towatch these two dumb brutes, utterly devoid of even a common-school education, as they passed the hours away in their moments of friendly intercourse.

The cow would lie down on the ground, and the dog would tuck himself under the shady side of the cow and relapse into slumber.

Then the cow, feeling the pangs of hunger gnawing at her vitals, would get up and go off in pursuit of grass.



Then the dog would arise.

Then the cow would again recline.

Then the dog would tuck himself under the shady side of the cow, and relapse into slumber.

Then anon the cow would get up to appease the pangs of hunger.

Then the dog would arise.

Then the old cow would lie down.

Then the dog would tuck—

Bang! Echoing over the broad prairies came the reverberations of firearms.

The young lady continued to amble on her roan palfrey.

But what is that which comes hurtling over the geological formation of Western Texas! Is it a coyote or a cockroach? A Mexican or a Mellican man?

It is the latter.

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He has just successfully succeeded in shooting a dozen Englishmen and a civil engineer who were trying to lay out a narrow-gauge railroad into Mexico.

This accounted for the rush, roar, and rattle of musketry previously alluded to.

CHAPTER II.

Approaching the solitary horsewoman ambling on her roan palfrey, came the bold rider, Dizzy the Dandy. He reins his mustang at her side, and, doffing his sombrero with the doffiest of polite doffs that he can doff, addresses her:

"How do you think you feel, Miss Johnson?"

The young lady, without pausing from her customary ambling on her roan palfrey, replies in cold, bitter, saw-mill and boiler-factory accents:

"How could you desert me in my hour of trouble?"

"Why, I thought you had probably travelled far enough and wanted to rest up a little."

"Ha!" echoed the maiden.

Dizzy the Dandy broke off a limb from a mesquite tree and commenced chewing the end of it.

"Do you see that ranch in the distance?" inquired Dizzy, pointing towards the west.

"The one standing near the yellow dog?"

"No, no; the one beyond it; the one with the mansard roof, cottonwood cupola, with two old hats and a straw mattress in the windows."

"I dost," murmured the maiden.

"Let us fly thence and once again pledge our troth on its threshold."

"I fly," again murmured the maiden.

We verily believe that girl would murmur if she was going to be hung. While ambling on her roan palfrey toward the ranch the maiden again murmured.

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"Dizzy, dear, what a voluminous chin you have got."

"True, darling," Dizzy murmured back at her, "but you know that is better than to have a luminous nose."

"Correct!" echoed the maiden, and just then they dashed up to the front door of the ranch, and Dizzy lassooed the bell-knob, and jerked out two hundred feet of bell wire and the hired girl, who was trying to hold on to it with her teeth.

"Keep off the grass!" shouted the old man, putting his head out of a dormer window. Evidently he immediately recognized the party, for he muttered:

"Oh, it's you, is it? I'll be down directly and fill you full of lead!"

Dizzy and the maiden boldly entered the house, and the first one whom they encountered was a dark-complexioned youth with a boil on his neck. He scowled at Dizzy as he saw him, and muttered between his teeth:

"You vile coyote! Renounce allegiance to that fair maiden whom you have so basely betrayed, or I'll"—

"Wilst, wilst thou?" replied Dizzy, and clutching the impetuous young man by the throat-latch he pitched him down stairs, where he struck the bottom with a dull thud, and in a second more the old man of the dormer window alighted at the foot of the second flight in a big and miscellaneous heap of utter woe and uselessness.

In an instant Dizzy was on top of the aged gentleman, while the lone horsewoman ambled up on her majestic feet and prodded him in the small of his back with her parasol. The struggle was short, sharp, and decisive. Victory perched on the banners of the happy pair, and taking the keys to the milk house out of the old man's pockets, they ransacked the place.

Going out to the front gate, they mounted their steeds, and once again Dizzy the Dandy swung his sombrero to the breeze, while the maiden continued to amble on her roan palfrey. At Ruction Ranch they had met the enemy, and the enemy was now being plastered and poulticed, dosed and comforted by the hired girl.

As the fond couple passed along the road near the ranch by the yellow dog, the cow lay down on the ground, and the dog tucked himself on the shady side of the cow, and relapsed into slumber.

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PRIVATE EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE TRAIN.

DEAR KNOX: I made up my mind not long since to come on to New York and pay you a flying visit. I have listened to your verbal statements about elevated railroads, etc., and while I was not disposed to doubt your word, still it seemed to me that, in order to be perfectly at rest in my own mind as to the actual existence of these wonders, perhaps I had better see them myself. You remember that when we went out on the wolf hunt near Austin, you had to tone up your system with stimulants to prevent you from freezing to death, and in consequence, you saw a great many more things than I did.

As you know I had had no experience in travelling—I had not been out of the State since the last year of the war. I did not get out of the State then, but I made an unsuccessful attempt to do so—have had no experience travelling since. Felt very scary about travelling—afraid I might fall off the front part of the car and get lost, or might lose my ticket and be put off the train in the middle of a big prairie. Some of my friends kindly suggested that I have myself and family sent through by express. I am always scared when I travel. On that previous occasion, during the last year of the war, when I tried to get out of the State, I was very much excited. Although not travelling by rail, I made very good time. I was trying to get away from, not with, a Federal battery near Indianola, Texas. If the State of Texas had not been so large we would certainly have got out of it. It was not an electric battery the Yankees were firing at us, but we were very much, shocked nevertheless. From that day to the time I left Austin for New York, I have always connected the idea of travelling with something very disagreeable.

The following dots from my note-book will give some idea of the trip.

At last we are on the sleeper. The train is about to start. One of the children is missing by actual count. Everybody rushes about frantically. Dreadful dilemma. No time to put an advertisement in the morning paper offering reward for re-

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covery of lost child, as train is just beginning to move. Everybody rushes about in a frenzy. Lost child discovered sitting behind the linen closet in the middle of the car. In the excitement of the moment I seize the offspring, wave him over my head, and sit him down so hard on a seat as to jolt the sleeping car. Several passengers say "for shame," and they were right. It is a shame the way that child behaves. The little wretch begins to blubber. The best way is not to become excited, but that is occasionally very difficult.

The train slides out of the Austin depot. Evidences of Spring are visible. It is the 27th day of February, yet the peach trees are in full bloom, and old women in sunbonnets are moving about the front yards with rakes and water-pots in their hands. I notice that the brakesman wears a military cap, and has a martial air, as have all the Pullman car brigade. Seeing the brakesman reminds me of a little anecdote I once heard about Jake Schaumburg, the brother of Mose Schaumburg, of Austin. Jake had failed several times in business, but being addicted to gambling, he lost all the legitimate gains from his bankruptcy. He then applied to a prominent railroad magnate for a position as conductor. He thought his Abrahamic features would set off one of those naval caps to great advantage, and he imagined that the position of conductor would afford him great facilities for impressing the fair sex. The railroad magnate did not second Jake's notion with any alarming degree of enthusiasm. He said:

"You would not do for a conductor, because you have no experience in railroading. Our conductors begin by peddling oranges and books through the car."

"Vell, didn't I pegin life by peddling. I vas a pedler ven I vas a small poy."

"After a few years' experience the train boy becomes a brakesman. He has to be a brakesman four or five years before he can become a conductor. Now, Mr. Schaumburg, you know you have had no experience as a brakesman."

"Got no eggsperience as a preaksman?" exclaimed Jake Schaumburg, "didn't I preak in pishness two times in San Antonio, von time in Austin, and several more times in oder cities in Texas? Did I not preak for twenty tousand tollars in New Orleans, pefore I came to Texas? Vy, I have had more

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eggsperience in preaking than all dose conductors on dot whole line of railroad."

The railroad magnate broke out laughing, and Jake never got to sport a conductor's uniform.

The brakesman was sitting all alone by himself in the back part of the car. He looked very much as if he did not care to be disturbed, so I sat down by his side, and began to converse with him on the leading topics of the day. I addressed him as "Captain," which allusion to his warlike appearance put him in such a good humor that I verily believe if there had been a saloon in the neighborhood, he would have stopped the train, and invited me to step off and take something.

Among other things, we talked about his profession, and what a wonderful thing steam was. I asked him how he liked being a brakesman, and if he would not rather be a bishop or a member of Congress, and he said he would. A brakesman is a man who prevents valuable machinery from being injured by putting his legs among it at a salary of about thirty dollars a month, so I didn't wonder that he preferred being a bishop or a Congressman.

The brakesman went on to say that the great objection he had to his profession was that he had to travel about so much. If the train remained in one place he would not object, but the continual change of climate was slowly but surely undermining his health, and in time he would become a physical wreck.

"Why, sir, will you believe me, when I tell you that I have chilblains at one end, and prickly heat at the other——"

"At which end do you have prickly heat?"

"At the southern end of the line in Mexico. Before the train gets to Monterey, in Mexico, I'm all broken out with prickly heat, and freckles, and spring boils just break out all over the back of my neck, and the skin on the peak of my nose shrivels up. Two days afterwards I've got chilblains at the other end of the line, up at St. Louis, where it freezes, and that's the way it is all winter long. In summer, when it is hot, I suffer at one end almost as much as I do at the other. I tell you that the man who thinks a brakesman leads a life of luxury and ease is badly fooled. I am going to tender my resignation to the company, and get a position as an Austin street-car driver, or else I'll go into politics. You see, I'm an Ohio man, and I've got an

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uncle who is in the Internal Revenue Department, and if he knows that I want a position—"

Just at this moment the whistle blew, and the brakesman rushed out on the platform, and began trying to twist a wheel off the front part of the car.

Not having anybody to converse with, I looked out of the window to see what kind of a landscape the railroad company was giving us for our money. The landscape was almost as monotonous and tiresome as the brakesman. As far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen except the almost level prairie, destitute of trees. The houses seemed to be about five miles apart, with a few sheep and cattle grazing in the foreground. If any one is anxious to obtain an accurate idea of the Texas landscape, from Austin to Hearne, let him take a large smooth table. This will represent the boundless prairies. Then let him place a few toy houses, all precisely alike, such as children play with, on the table; a few little wooden sheep and cows, such as are found in that Sunday toy, the Noah's ark, placed near the houses on the table, will make the illusion perfect. The man who puts those toys on a table, and looks at them every once in a while, can hardly persuade himself that he is not looking out of a car window on the International and Great Northern Railroad, between Hearne and Austin. The monotony, however, is not the fault of the company. It did not make the landscape. It was there when the line was surveyed. I got an artist to draw a picture of the landscape of the country between Austin and Hearne. I told him to put in the toy houses, cows and sheep just as they came out of a Noah's ark; but the idiotic artist added to the animals several dromedaries, an elephant, a giraffe, and a pair of African lions, which gave the Texas landscape such an unnatural appearance that I will not send it to you.

While I was looking out of the car window and thinking how inconvenient it must be for the people in those houses five miles apart to borrow parched coffee from each other for breakfast, the conductor came along, and touching me on the shoulder, said: "Tickets, please." We had a long conversation, which was almost as interesting as the one I had with the brakesman,

I remain, yours, etc.,

SWEET.

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AN IMPROVEMENT IN CAR COUPLING.

"The present mode of coupling a car is very defective."—*Railroad Journal.*
May be so, but this couple in a car seem to be all right.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

"How do you like Wagner's music?" asked Kosciusko Murphy of an Austin society lady.

"Like it! I don't like it at all. I'd rather listen to one of Mozart's pauses, than to all the music Wagner ever wrote."

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HOW TO WRITE A PLAY.

IT is the easiest thing in the world. The man who cannot write a play had better throw up the sponge and commence editing the first number of a cross-cut saw. Just let us block out a skeleton play, and the reader can season the dialogue to suit his taste.

Time, 1883. Scene, New York. Curtain rises and discovers French *femme de chambre* dusting off the book-case with a peacock's tail. Enter Italian footman, who proceeds to chaff the French girl.

"Arrah! Biddy, me darlint, give me a taste of your lips."

"Whisht, Barney, ye divil, here comes the master."

The Italian footman and French *femme de chambre* immediately melt into the wings, R and L, first and second entrance. Enter Archibald Courtney, *solus:*

"What! Imogen not here! Not here! No (wearily seating himself on a *fauteuil*), she seldom is here. She is never here when I'm here alone. Strange, very strange. If she isn't here, it must certainly be that she is somewhere else. Ah me! We have now been married but six short, fleeting months, and yet I can see a great change in her, a great, a wondrous change. Yes, Imogen isn't the same girl she used to be. So cold, so distant, haughty, cynical and strange. And yet I love her—love her as the dew which falls from heaven loves the perfumed floweret; as the silver rays of the morning sun love flashing, dancing waves. And yet—and yet, what means this sudden sinking of me heart—this nameless dread which steals upon me breath and chills the words of passion which I dare not trust meself to speak? Ah me! there's a screw loose somewhere."

Enter Imogen Courtney, wife of Archibald. Archibald rises from the *fauteuil* and weaves back and forth with his pants bagging at the knees.

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"Imogen!"

"Mr. Courtney!"

"Mr. Courtney! Why Mr. Courtney? O, Imogen! the flowers never bloom and the stars never shine, but I—"

"There, there, Mr. Courtney; that will do for a starter. We have heard all that before. Can't you give us something fresh?"

"So cold, so cruel and so false."

"False! Mr. Courtney! False, did you say? Better you look a little out. Have a care how your craven spirit creeps upward to the surface of your snake-like nature and dares to blast—"

"Well, no, not false, exactly, but you do seem terribly rattled bout something, and have for the last three weeks. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"With me? O, nothing's the matter with me. I'm as light-hearted as a feather. Of course, tra-la-la. La-da-dah, la-da-dah.

"I saw Esau kissing Kate,
Ichabod, My Ichabod!
The gas was down, the hour was late
Cruelly jilted Ichabod."

"She mocks me."

"Mr. Courtney, I'm going riding with Mrs. Stiremup."

"O, Imogen!"

"What?"

"Don't do it."

"And why, forsooth?"

"Don't, for my sake. Don't go off with that gay, frivolous woman. O, don't do it, Imogen."

"And why not?"

"O, Imogen, dare I tell you?"

"Out with it, man! Be not alarmed! Know ye that all the terrors of the past, the present, or the unveiled future have not the power to change me from me course. Speak, madam!"

"Shall I?"

"Out with it! Give your reason!"

"I'm—I'm afraid to stay alone."

Quick music, red curtain and slow fire. This concludes the first act. Act second introduces Archibald Courtney in his library and shirt-sleeves. Enter George De Villiard.

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"Good-morning, Archie. You look like a man who had just discovered that the last mushroom he swallowed was a toadstool. What's the matter with you?"

"I'm tired."

"What makes you tired?"

"*You* do."

"Me!"

"Yes, you and my wife."

"Your wife. Ha! ha!"

"Don't do that again."

"I only said Ha! ha!"

"Well, don't do it again."

"Archie, what do you say this house is worth?"

"About seventy-five thousand dollars.

"And the grounds?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Hem, yes, let me see. You spoke a moment ago about your wife. I didn't know you were a married man."

"Didn't know I was a married man! Didn't know Mrs. Courtney? Bless my stars and liver pad! I'll call Imogen in and introduce you. Why, I saw you dancing with her last week."

"O, Imogen? I know her. Well, yes, hem, I hate to make trouble in a family, but Imogen is not your wife."

"No, I suppose not. Not my wife, but some other man's wife. Well, now, if some other man would only pay the bills, I—ha, ha—"

"Enough! Hold fast there, Archibald Courtney! By the blue heaven which bends above us, by the God we each adore, I swear to you that the woman who bears your name is not your lawful wife, but mine—mine by right, and Imogen De Villiard will so reveal, for here she comes to throw your idol to the ground and blast you in the very hour of your dream of bliss!"

Enter Imogen, who throws herself at the feet of George De Villiard and shrieks:

"O, George! George! Look at me—speak to me! Don't spurn me from you like a broken toy. Hold me not lightly as the down which zephyrs waft from off the thistle-top. Forgive! forgive! forgive!"

"Off! woman, off! You have broken me all up!"

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"If I might be allowed to say a word in regard to this matter," says Archibald, "I should really like to inquire why in thunder you married me if you already had one husband."

"O, Archibald! Mr. Courtney! won't you forgive me?"

"I'll try devilish hard to, but the whole thing is the biggest conundrum I ever tackled. Why did you marry me?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Because I forgot all about poor George. He hadn't been home for two days, and I must have been thinking about something else. I'm sorry now, and I promise you I'll never do it again."

"Well," says Archibald, "we must fix it up some way. It will never do to let it get into the papers. Why didn't you, George, say something about this before?"

"Me? O, I was busy. Besides, I knew you would pay liberally to keep the matter hushed up, and so I didn't fret myself any."

"Pay liberally? You are right. How much do you want?"

"I guess I'll take the house and lot, and you may have the wife."

"O, no; I wouldn't rob you for the world. I'm not pretty to look at, but I'm no hog. I'll make you a proposition. You may have the wife, and I'll take the house and lot, or I'll take the house and lot, and you may have the wife."

"I should have to think that over a few days."

"Or I will give you a barrel of silver."

"Done. Wheel in your wealth."

Archibald exits, L. U. E., and soon returns with a wheelbarrow full of coin. George De Villiard approaches, examines them, starts suddenly back, seizes himself by the topknot, and shrieks:

"All, all is lost!"

"Why so, Georgie?" anxiously inquires Imogen.

"Adventuress, we are ruined!"

"How?"

"He has stuck us with a bushel of trade dollars!"

"Heaven help us! Show me the softest part of the stage. I want to swoon."

Curtain falls rapidly, and now is the time to go out after a

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clove. We see that this plot is a trifle too thick for us, but the reader can easily guess what transpired in Act III.—that is, if he is a good, square guesser. But, as we have shown, anybody can easily construct a play, and we sincerely trust that our few humble hints will give a new impetus to the business.

THE AVERAGE CHEAP RESTAURANT.

THE poor man, suddenly wrenched from the fond, encircling ties of family, and doomed to wrestle with the mysterious and highly-spiced programme of the average restaurant, takes his life and his appetite into his own hands and trifles with them both.

True, there are restaurants and restaurants, but our luminous remarks apply only to that cave of gloom known as the cheap eating-house, into which some of us are occasionally driven by stress of circumstances, the circumstances being that there are no better restaurants in town.

The waiter is no dude—not a bit of it. After a while you become the waiter, and you wait and wait, until you grow faint in the region of the watch-pocket. The *negligee* aspect of the waiter's apparel suggests the fact that he dressed hurriedly in the night to attend a fire and had not since found time to re-arrange his toilet. He brings you a choice variety of entomological specimens in a glass of water, and some day-before-yesterday's bread, and then carries his athletic breath around on the windward side of you and takes your order for food as though you were a duke. We mean by this that your being a genuine duke would make no difference to the waiter. He would not bring you a single cockroach more or less in your soup, or a purer grade of house flies in your coffee. Everything is the same price and no extra favors are shown nobility. The milk for the coffee, though not soured, is at least badly frightened,

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and causes the hair in the butter to stand on end. The waiter comes within hailing distance of your table, stops and commences to bombard you with various curious dishes of chopped food and grease-enameled bric-a-brac, and before you can get his ear to suggest the possibility of a napkin and the removal of some of the embalmed members of the bug family, he is off like a scared wolf, and you see his genial features no more until he slips up and fires a large plate at you containing a small segment of prehistoric pie, and away he goes to make some of the other tables look like a broken up picnic struck by lightning, and you are left alone with your grief.

THE ACCOUNTABILITY OF MAN'S LIVER.

THE good book says that the tongue is an unruly member. When this statement regarding the tongue was written it may have been correct. Many things have changed since that time. Now it is a different part of the body that is the unruly member. We refer to the liver. The average American liver is always out of order. There are all manner of remedies for regulating livers, and yet the country is full of unregulated livers that refuse to run on schedule time.

The liver affects the intellectual parts of man. It is the liver, and not the heart, that is really the seat of sentiment, of love, of chivalry, and of all good and evil emotions. The condition of a man's liver colors and affects all his acts. A man may have ever so warm a heart, and it may be in the right place, but let his liver be out of order and he will kick the first harmless yellow dog he meets.

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We often hear of a man harboring malice in his heart. The statement is not correct. All malice resides in the liver. Nine men in ten have malicious livers. All murderers have damaged and disabled livers. This is a fact that will soon be heralded abroad by the medical profession, and then the day will come when, instead of the monotonous insanity plea, the lawyer for the defence will claim that the deed was done while the prisoner was laboring under a fit of temporary derangement of the liver. If Solomon had lived in these unhealthy times, instead of speaking as he did about the heart, he would have said: "The liver of man is deceitful above all things and desperately overcharged with bile."

When the preacher draws gloomy pictures of woe, it is his liver that is out of order. When the philosopher predicts calamities and disasters that are about to fall on the people, it is the hinges of his liver that need oiling. When our old friend "Taxpayer" writes a letter to the local paper, in which he blasphemes monopolies, and demonstrates that the country is misgoverned and is going to the "demnition bow-wows," old Taxpayer means well, but the lappels of his liver are turned the wrong way. When a politician gets on his feet in the House of Representatives and denounces the policy of the opposition as "criminal and hurtful to the best interest of the people," his liver is in need of repairs. When a man gets cranky and rails at fate, or refuses to pay his dog tax, we should not judge him harshly; his liver may have got jammed in among some of his other organs. Take the case of the Governor of the great State of Texas: on the historic occasion when he positively and firmly declined to take his copy of TEXAS SIFTINGS out of the Seguin post-office, he was doubtless suffering from a displaced liver. He has a notoriously bilious disposition. Such men should not be held to a strict account for their acts any more than lunatics should.

When science shall have so far advanced that the liver of man will be under control, then, and not till then, will the millennium dawn, the sword be turned into a reaping-hook, O'Donovan-Rossa lie down with the heir apparent to the English throne, and peace reign o'er all the earth.

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POLICEMAN (confidently to himself).—"If I arrest the gentleman in front of me, I'll be bounced because he is an alderman, and if I do anything to the rough behind me, I'll lose my bar-room influence, and then I'll be bounced on general principles. Little boys are the ones I can club with safety nowadays."

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Doctor, I come to see you about my younger brother."

"What is the matter with him?"

"One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?"

"I reckon I'd limp, too."

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KNOX'S LETTER.

THE ICE CARNIVAL.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

MONTREAL! What historic memories cluster around the old city! Four centuries have looked down from the summit of Mount Royal, and have seen the Indian, the French, and the English, in succession, occupy this goodly land up here on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence.

To-day while these memories are still clustering, with their usual industrious cluster, there are ten thousand men and women from the United States clustering around the buckwheat cakes and codfish balls of the hotels and boarding-houses of this snow-carpeted and ice-decorated city.

Ten thousand people who have come to see what they could see nowhere else on earth, experience sensations that money could not buy in any other land, and to find what they never found elsewhere except in dreams.

The Ice God reigns and King Carnival holds his court in this ancient city to-night. Away up above us, some fifteen degrees, sits old Zero, with blue nose and icicled beard. Through the brilliantly-lighted streets move along a kaleidescopic crowd of snowshoers, fur-clad natives, and an infinite variety of the "stranger from the States." People are here from the stony hills of New England, the sun-lit slopes of the Pacific, and the warm shores of the Mexican gulf. Merrily ring the sleigh bells; gayly clink the glasses in club, saloon, and cafe, and musical is the laugh and hearty are the bravos that sound from the festive regions of the skating rink, the ball-room and the theatre.

Past the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with its massive architecture, its musical chimes, and its great bell (the largest on the American continent), we walk along seeing what is strange and unique in the shops and stores. Here a window, brilliantly lighted, is filled with snowshoes, toboggans, skates, and sleds; next, behind a plate-glass front, a background of images of Christ on the cross, with real nails driven through his feet and crimson drops oozing from the wounds in his side; Virgin and

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child in plaster of Paris, and wise men from the East in all the gorgeousness of blue, purple, and green papier-mache garments. One hundred and thirty thousand people live in this city, and more than 100,000 of them are Roman Catholic. Stores devoted to the sale of beads, images, and other articles connected with the predominating religion are to be seen on every block. Next in importance are the windows filled with furs—gloves, caps, cloaks, and coats—all tributary to the warmth that we poor naked creatures have to steal from the mink, fox, beaver, buffalo, and bear.

The Ice Palace on Dominion Square! Is this a phantom, a vision, a dream? A fairy castle more than a hundred feet in height, built of glittering gems taken from the bosom of the St. Lawrence. Crystal domes, towers, and minarets. A castle that in startling effect surpasses anything that has ever been seen by mortal eye, and that in unique beauty is beyond anything that has been told of in song or story. There is a weird grandeur in the effect, and a far-away, some-other-world sort of feeling steals over us, as the electric lights inside the castle blaze up, and, shining through the emerald walls of the gigantic structure, flood the plaza with a ghostly light. There is an unreality about the scene, a baseless-fabric-of-a-vision effect, and as we stand gazing on it awed into silence, two thousand picturesquely dressed snowshoers silently advance on the castle that is manned by several hundred other snow-shoers. Armed with fireworks, they attack the castle—they are repulsed—there is a renewed attack—a storm of fire rains down on the icy structure, an answering fire comes back from the defenders, who look like ghostly warriors manning spectral battlements. Then, in blaze of fireworks, boom of cannon, clang of bell, and blare of brazen instruments, the citadel is taken, and a mighty huzzah rises from 50,000 throats, is echoed back from the gray hill-tops of old Mount Royal, and reverberates across the frozen pathway of the St. Lawrence. Truly, it is a wonderful sight. There are other ice structures besides the Ice Palace. The Condora, erected in the centre of the Champ de Mars, rises to a height of about 100 feet; from a circumference of 150 feet at the base it tapers to a narrow apex, on which stands a gigantic figure of a snowshoer cut out of ice. Twelve thousand huge blocks of ice are used in this structure. In the Place d'Armes,

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on an ice-pedestal 30 feet in height, there is a colossal lion made of snow and ice. The pedestal is hollow, and is lighted inside with electric lights.

During the Carnival there are amusements to suit all tastes. Curling, skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing, and, at night, dramatic performances and masquerade balls. It would take columns and columns to tell of the unique pleasures and new experiences that the stranger finds in this quaint city during Carnival week, and it would take other columns and columns to tell of the kind and hospitable manner in which Montreal entertains the stranger within her gates. Let us go

TOBOGGANING.

What is a "toboggan," and what is "tobogganing?" A toboggan is an Indian sled. It is made of a thin piece of wood eighteen inches in width, six to twelve feet in length, and about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. It is a gigantic shaving of tough wood with the prow curled up ten to twelve inches.

Tobogganing is a rush through space—a waking nightmare—a delirium of velocity.

Some toboggan slides are natural, some are artificial. A snow-covered hill from a quarter to half a mile in length. At the starting place on the summit an artificial shoot with an angle of at least forty-five degrees. The most elaborate slides have wooden guards on each side, rising a few inches above the snow to prevent the toboggans from leaving the track. The slide is concave, and the surface over which the toboggans rush is packed snow, hard and smooth as ice. Several of these shoots or slides run parallel with each other.

Tobogganing is the most popular winter sport of the people of Montreal.

Let us go up this Carnival night and see the sport on the Tuque-Blew toboggan slide.

Ten below zero. Ice and snow above, below, and all around. Everything frozen or freezing. A British friend of mine incautiously exposes his English accent while we cross the Place d'Armes, and before he knows it, it is frozen stiff and stark. The H's that he drops have to be dug out with picks to prevent them from obstructing travel. The moon is shining with

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a brightness and the stars twinkling with a twink that is to be seen only in this winter zone. Church bells chime, the big cathedral bells clang, and jingle jangle go the bells on a thousand sleighs. Thronging the streets are merry men and rosy-cheeked maidens, some dressed in snowshoe costumes of white flannel with red or blue trimmings, some in robes of musk ox, beaver, or— But I must confine myself to tobogganing. I shall try and describe the great ice carnival in another letter.

A short ride in a sleigh and we are at the foot of a great hill, its outline marked by two rows of Chinese lanterns. On the summit a bonfire. Climbing up the steep face of the hill are a thousand men and women, boys and girls. Their snowshoes or moccasined feet make no sound as they climb up over the yielding snow, but merrily they laugh and sing as they plod upward, dragging the fragile toboggans behind them.

At the top. Being fired out of a gun is a slow and lazy motion compared with being shot off the top of a toboggan slide. So the stranger thinks as he sees a young lady seat herself in front of the shell, a young man sit down behind her, throw his leg out and kick the concern off down the fearful icy incline. It makes one's flesh creep. There was a man from Syracuse there. He told me that he had climbed up to the top three times with the intention each time of going down on a toboggan, but his heart failed him when he thought of how his mangled remains would look in a metallic casket arriving at his Syracuse home.

In the prow of the biggest toboggan in Montreal I sat me down. In a row behind me sat three ladies and two gentlemen.

"All ready?"

"Yes, ready."

Zip!

Wheesh! ssssh! goes the toboggan.

Down, down the ice slope we go at the rate of a mile and a quarter a minute. In the second of time that it takes to flash down the first dip the heart stands still—there is a feeling of faintness. The sensation is something like what we have all felt in dreams, where we fell from a precipice down through space to a fearful and vague abyss below.

We flash past other tobaggans on parallel slides, for ours is heavily loaded and goes with more than the usual velocity,

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Whiz past the plodding tobogganers going up. We go so rapidly that they seem a solid wall, and the Chinese lanterns look as if one continuous line of flame.

I have promised the party to give them a specimen of a Texas yell as we go down. After passing the second dip I disgorge a shriek of the largest calibre. When we are beyond the foot of the slide and slowing up far out on the plain below, that familiar cowboy "Cooee" comes along and overtakes us. We had actually outrun the sound of my voice. Don't believe me, you say? All right. Maybe you know more about tobogganing than I do. Perhaps you would like to finish this letter for me.

Tobogganing is a new pleasure. It is the most exhilarating sensation that any one will ever experience until he throws off this mortal body. I used to think that the sensation of going over a fence on a good hunter, or following the jack rabbit on a mustang was the acme of pleasurable sensation, but now I do not think so. If I wanted to convert the men and women who live in this North land, I'd preach to them that Heaven was one long, eternal, never-ending toboggan slide.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

THERE WAS NO COLLUSION.

UNCLE Ben was confronted with his supposed accomplice in a henroost robbery.

"Fore de Lawd, Jedge, I never seed dat nigger befo'."

"That may be, Uncle Ben, but the evidence goes to show that at first you were in collusion with the prisoner, and—"

"'Skuse de interrupshun, sah, but dat's whar I'se got de ebidence on de hip. Hit warn't in Collusion, it war in Harrisville dat I fust met de nigger."

The court explained the meaning of the word collusion.

"I don't 'spute de elucidations ob de word; it am kerec', no doubt, but, boss, yo' is mistaken agin. Dar was no collusion 'tween us. Hit don't stan' to reason dat dere was, kase dat nigger always wants de hull profits, an' I neber colludes wid dat sorter man. I'se a hones' man, Jedge, an' whar dere's no chance fur me ter git nuffin, I neber collude."

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PERFECT SOLITUDE.

"How are you enjoying yourself, Miss Esmeralda?"

"I never enjoyed myself so much as at this very moment. It is so delightful to be alone, absolutely alone, in perfect solitude by the seaside."

He told his friends what she said, and now he is known as "Perfect Solitude."

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DOWN BY THE SEA.

LAST week we went down with Smiley to spend a few days by the side of the moaning sea. We wanted to go down on the rugged strand—the wide and wave-washed shore—and get sand in our shoes, and to go out, on "the blue, the fresh, the ever free," rowing in a boat that smelled of mackerel and get blisters on our hands. We wanted to list the music of the waves, the howling of the turbulent foam-crested billows, as gray old ocean gurgled up on the sea-beat shore. We (that is, I, the writer,) said we wanted to fill our soul with the sublimity of the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep. Smiley said he wanted ——clams. Smiley is a good fellow, but he is prosaic, very. We have a mind for sentiment, a heart that throbs in sympathy with poetry, an immortal, never-dying soul that is above clams, and that rises superior to all kinds of shell fish when we go to the sea. We go to the seaside to commune with Nature, and to bet on the horse-races. Smiley is not that sort of a man. Smiley is composed of three-fifths appetite and digestive organs, one-fifth gastric juice, and the other fifth of Smiley. We went out on the pier soon after we arrived. We were (that is, the writer was, not Smiley,) filled with awe as we gazed over the illimitable expanse; the wild waste of waters, and saw on its bosom the argosies of sails, and several fat women bathing, three very tumultuous small boys, and a sad, long-legged girl; but the poetry in our nature that had been crowded back inside of us by the toil and labor in the whirling years that are gone, climbed up over our awe. And it came out of us.

And we spoke.

We spoke aloud.

And we said,

> "Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds
> Her treasures to his search, unseals his eyes,
> Illumes his mind, then purifies his heart,
> And furnishes him with—"

We do not know how we were going to finish the line, for just then Smiley interrupted us. He said: "Yes, she furnishes us with soft-shell crabs, and I say hurrah for Nature!"

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We had a gorgeous time, Smiley and I (won't use that "we" any longer, can't handle it), down by the sounding, salt-tasted, sometimes-make-you-sick-at-the-stomach sea. The hotel was a wooden structure that had been built when the wood was green. The wood had become dry. There were children in the hotel, and through the cracks in the walls we could hear their blessed little stomach-aches, their colics, and their sad, moaning wails all the long night through. One of these wicked children put sand down the back of Smiley's neck.

Smiley swore.

Smiley is a profane man.

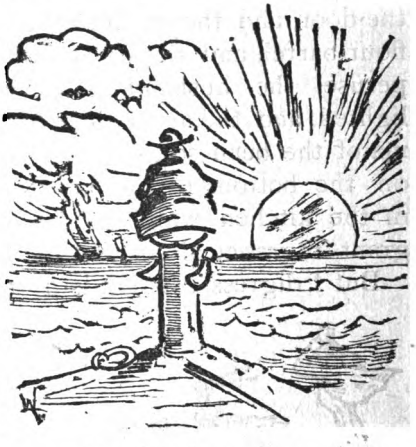
I gave the little cherub a dime.

I like children.

And thus we whiled the merry hours away, Smiley and I. Smiley is a dab at whiling the hours away. I am not.

While I am just beginning to settle down to while my hour, old Smiley is about getting through with his last quarter.

Smiley's great forte is in greeting the radiant, blushing sun, and hailing the rosy morn. Here is a picture of sunrise on the ocean and Smiley on the top of a post. There is an old saying that there is always room at the top, but to a disinterested spectator it would seem as if Smiley on top of the cathead, or pile, or whatever it is, was somewhat crowded. There is a calm, mild, *colorado-maduro* sort of excitement in sitting on the top of a post watching the sun rise. See the stately schoonerette bearing down in her offing, or offing down in her bearings, I am not positive which. My knowledge of sea terms is only equalled by my ignorance of nautical phrases. Smiley has an umbrella that he will open out as soon as the sun begins to blister his nose, and then you will see him coming to the hotel for breakfast.



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One of the most wildly exhilarating and picturesque gobs of seaside scenery is the beautiful girl clad in the scanty elements of a bathing costume, and sitting by the sad sea waves perusing. She loves to peruse. She is of a literary turn of mind, and dotes on anything fresh—from the publishing house. Pretty soon a fresh young man, whom she also dotes on, will come down from the hotel in his baseball uniform, and together they will stroll down the beach and indulge in a quiet dip in the surf.

After all, literary girls are the thing, and they should be encouraged. A man blessed with a literary wife has got a bonanza on his hands. When she throws the baby out of the door, and the cat into the flour barrel, and sits down to peruse, the husband is delighted, and the aromatic aroma of the bean soup burning on the bottom of the kettle in the kitchen wafts its fragrant fragrance all around the house.

But I digress. There is a great deal of wind at the seaside. The cut represents a prominent feature of the landscape at every seaside resort.

Smiley and I stayed five days at the sea. We played billiards a great deal on a much-worn billiard table. We drank many claret punches. We saw the same people eat the same kind of dinners, and in same zebra bathing suits take the same kind of baths. There was a dreadful sameness and monotony about everything. We exhausted the resources in

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the way of amusements the first day, and we exhausted the same resources every other day we stayed there. Then Smiley and I began to hate each other. We could have been friends, and could have admired and respected each other for ages in the city, but five days together by the sea, and each of us had learned all that the other knew. So when Smiley had exhausted himself, and began to turn back to the beginning and tell me the same old stories over again, I packed my trunk, and went to the pirate at the hotel desk, and after a sad scene of parting—with most of the contents of my purse—I came away, and as I melted slowly from the scene on the top of the omnibus, I saw Smiley, sitting on the cat's-head on the pier, like patience on the monument, smiling at the thoughts of clam chowder.

THE MOVING OF THE McFINGALS.

SILAS McFINGAL and Mrs. Silas McFingal have been keeping house in the vicinity of the writer's residence during the last year. For some reason Mr. McFingal decided to move last week. We do not mean that last week was a movable festival, like Shrove Tuesday or Easter Sunday, and that Mr. McFingal tried to move it. It was not last week, but himself and his wife, and other household goods, that McFingal decided on moving. This English language of ours is calculated to misrepresent what one means to say. There is too much of it.

Why McFingal wanted to move we cannot say. We do not

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know. Probably the landlord would not fix the pump, or wait for the rent, or was otherwise disobliging and unaccommodating. The first intimation that we had of the moving of our neighbors was a violent and phenomenal discharge from their back windows of empty pickle-jars, vacant sardine-boxes, and hard-boiled ham-bones that had accumulated on the premises during its occupancy by the McFingals. Then Mr. McFingal, with his head tied up in a napkin, a streak of soot down the side of his nose, and some tomato sauce on his trousers-came over to borrow a broom and a screw-driver from us. McFingal is of domestic habits. He is not the kind of husband who stays away from home when furniture is being moved and carpets are being pulled up. He labored from the rising of the sun until noon, with cobwebs in his hair, and his mouth full of tacks, packing trunks, lifting down pictures with a broom-handle, kicking the dog out of the pantry, and pulling plaster off the wall in vain efforts to unscrew a hat-rack from a corner. Harmony reigned throughout the humble McFingal abode until Silas accidentally knocked. The Model Housekeeper (vol. 11) off a top shelf and broke a $3 lamp. After that, for some time, the proceedings were not so harmonious. Mrs. McFingal said some bitter things about the natural clumsiness of the male portion of the human race, and the everlasting stupidity of that fraction of it that she has the misfortune to be connubially related to.

Some beer, crackers, and sausage, procured from the grocery by Mr. McFingal, restored harmony to the household, and amid the débris of dismantled furniture they partook of a frugal meal. It was a stormy day, however, in the McFingal family. The furniture wagon ran over the dog's tail, and when McFin-

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gal expostulated with the driver of the wagon, a bundle of bed-slats and a roll of stair-carpeting hit him on the back of the neck. It was almost dark before all the furniture was out of the old house. Then for an hour McFingal, with a lantern in one hand, a piece of water-pipe in the other, and the dog at his heels, pursued his cow all over the Eighth Ward in a vain effort to induce her to migrate to the new premises.

The cow disappeared in the gathering gloom, and the McFingals retired to their new home, where Mrs. McFingal, on an impromptu bed on the top of a bureau, and Mr. McFingal on the floor, rested after the arduous toil of the day.

They both swear that they will not again move for twenty-seven years at least. And they are delighted with their new house, but of course before a year they will have discovered many defects in it; the roof will leak, there will be rats in the cellar, or the walls will be damp; anyhow, they will not stay more than a year. That is usually how it is. Just now, however, the McFingals are delighted, and having got the furniture in order, they sit all day on a sofa with smiles on their faces, waiting for the neighbors to call—neighbors that they will not be on speaking terms with before the May moon wanes. The country is swarming with movers of the McFingal class just at present.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"How's yer gal comin' on, Aunt Malviny?"

"She's ober ter San Antonio, and dat ar Gabe Snodgrass, what's jes' come from dar done tole me dat she's got stage-struck."

"Is dat so?"

"Yes, Mr. Johnsing, it am a fac'."

"When am she gwine ter play?"

"Not for a right smart while yit, I reckon, kase de wheel ob anudder wehicle break two of her ribs when de stage struck her."

"I miscomprehended yo', Aunt Malviny, at fust. Good ebenin'."

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THE FASTIDIOUS WAITER.

CUSTOMER: "Why, hang it, man! You're wiping off my plate with your handkerchief."

NEW WAITER: "That's all right. I'm going to put in the wash next week, anyhow."

WHAT HE WOULD SAY.

A married couple were out promenading in the suburbs of Austin one day. Presently the wife said:

"Think, Albert, if the brigands should come now, and take me from you!"

"Impossible, my dear."

"But, supposing they *did* come and carry me away, what would you say?"

"I should say," replied the husband, "that the brigands were new at the business. That's all."

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PRIVATE EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE TRAIN.

DEAR KNOX:

There was a young man on the car who had not been born and raised in Texas very much, for in his conversation, of which he had enough for several people, he pronounced Houston Houseton, instead of saying Hewston, which is the way all Texans pronounce the name of their greatest man and most important city, excepting Galveston, San Antonio, Dallas and Seguin, which latter metropolis is the home of Governor Ireland, and is the historic spot at which he refused to take his copy of TEXAS SIFTINGS out of the post-office. It grates on the feelings of a Texan to hear a foreigner take the name of Gen. Sam Houston in vain by calling it Houseton. It was not long before I accumulated additional evidence of the young man being guilty of having been born in the North, for on speaking of pecan nuts, instead of putting the accent on the last syllable, as any man would, he called them "peckans." I was so disgusted with the conduct of that stranger that if Ben Thompson had been on the car I would certainly have pointed him out to Ben as a man who needed killing immediately.

There was, however, a drummer from Galveston in the car, and he took charge of the greenhorn, and imparted a great deal of valuable information about Texas to him.

"What kind of trees are those? They look like peach trees," observed the stranger.

"Those are mesquit trees," replied the commercial emissary.

"Why do you call then mesquit trees?"

The drummer gazed at the greenhorn with undisguised astonishment.

"Why I thought every fool knew that. They are called mesquit trees because the mosquitoes roost in them at night. There are some mosquitoes going to roost now," and he pointed out a tree on which there were some turkey buzzards.

This was a lie, and the drummer knew it, and so did I. I joined in the conversation, and rebuked the drummer for lying, and told the stranger that if he wanted any reliable infor-

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mation about the Lone Star State, not to go to drummers, but to come to me—that I was a Texas journalist.

As you know, I have never yet even said or written a line that was not absolutely true, and it exasperated me to listen to the lies that that drummer told to that unsuspecting stranger. I explained to him that it was impossible to raise mosquitoes as large as buzzards; that it rarely happened that mosquitoes grew to be larger than ordinary field larks. When a mosquito was bigger than a field lark it was not a mosquito at all, but a gallinipper, an entirely different bird. The drummer, who was a good-natured fellow, admitted that he had lied, and passed around the flask several times.

The stranger did not believe all I told him, so completely had his confidence in human nature been shaken by the mendacity of the commercial traveller. He went into the smoking-car with the drummer and the flask, and I think they got drunk together. Next morning, however, the greenhorn told me confidentially that he had had a troubled dream, in which he imagined he went on a spree with a lot of mosquitoes, who appeared to be as big as men, and who had a strong facial resemblance to the drummer and myself.

But I forgot to tell you about Moltke, or rather the man I called Moltke. Of course old General Moltke, of the German army, was not on the car. I called the sleeping-car conductor Moltke, because he wore such a stunning military uniform, and was always sitting in the corner of the car, figuring out campaigns with a pencil.

My boy Jimmy, who is of an investigating turn of mind, after surveying Moltke from head to foot, said:

"You are Mr. Pullman, ain't you.?

"No, sonny, I am not Mr. Pullman. Run away, now, and don't bother me;" and once more Moltke resumed his labors with the lead pencil.

"Is this your cap?"

"Yes, my boy; go away now."

"No, it ain't your cap. It's Mr. Pullman's cap, for it has got his name on it. P-u-double l-m-a-n—Pullman. Has Mr. Pullman got another cap?"

I verily believe if that sleeping-car officer had not left his sword at home, he would have cut that boy's head off. He

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evidently believed that I had put Jimmy up to asking him those questions, which was wrong, and I'll swear to it.

Before I left Austin, I asked the ticket agent to secure me berths in the middle of the car, where I would not be liable to be shaken to pieces. He told me he had done so. When Moltke came around, I told him that the ticket agent at Austin had reserved berths in the middle of the car for me, and I wanted to pay for them.

"Reserved berths for you, did he? I would like to know who is in command of this car. I rather think I am."

"Certainly, Colonel, you are in command of this battery, and the ranking officer on the train."

This did not mollify him, and he intimated that he didn't know who the ticket agent was. From the way Moltke talked I was afraid he might take a squad of men and tie the agent up by the thumbs, or have him shot by drum-head court martial, so I said:

"That ticket agent has the name of being a very reckless man. He has a worse name than Ben Thompson for lawlessness."

"I don't see how the railroad company came to appoint such a ruffian as ticket agent. Who is he?"

"He is the most lawless man in Texas; at least he has the name of it. His name is Lawless—Pete Lawless."

This was not much of a joke, but I thought it was good enough to get the sleeping-car conductor in a good humor, but it didn't, for he said:

"I'll put you in No. 11, at the end of the car."

"What, right over the wheels, where a man is shaken up all night, as if he was a cocktail?"

"Yes, right there. Those berths are reserved for St. Louis passengers."

"But what do you do with these other berths that are vacant? They go to St. Louis too, don't they? You can't side-track them, can you, and let the end berths go on to St. Louis without the rest of the car?"

"That don't make any difference."

"No, it dosen't make any difference to you, but it does to me, who have to be dissected in one of them. It will take me a whole week to recuperate after a night in one them."

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Moltke refused to modify his decision, but before he parted from me he sat down on me in a heartless and cruel manner.

"You got aboard at Austin, didn't you?" he asked.

"No, I kept house most of the time I lived in Austin."

"I mean you got on the train at Austin."

"Of course."

"There is a State Lunatic Asylum at Austin, isnt there?"

"There is."

"I thought so," replied Moltke, nodding his head, as if he meant that I was an escaped lunatic.

It's a pity we can't all be sleeping-car conductors.

I had a dreadful night of it in that sleeping-car coffin. In some respects it was not like a coffin. When a man is in a coffin he rests quietly and calmly. He is not bounced and kicked about like a football. For four or five hours I was stretched in that sweat-box, watching the landscape slide past in the dark. It was not my landscape, so I let it slide. At last I fell into a troubled sleep, and had a horrid dream. I began to dream about the striking printers on the Austin *Statesman*, and that made me think of rats who did not belong to the Typographical Union. Rats put terriers into my head. I thought I was a rat, and was being worried by a terrier that shook me about and threw me into the air. Gradually the terrier assumed the shape of a sleeping-car; the berth was his mouth, and I was in his mouth, of course; and I woke up wishing I were dead, or back in Austin. The car still continued to amuse itself by tossing me about.

After a while I had another bad dream. This time I was a crusader, who was condemned on account of bad sins to make a pitgrimage to the Holy Land. All my past delinquencies came back to me, how in an editorial capacity I had slandered that august body of great and good men better known as the Texas Poker Legislature, by intimating that they were not like what Mrs. Cæsar should have been. These and a thousand other sins of omission and commission occurred to me as I made my painful pilgrimage over rough mountains and through yawning gulfs to the Holy Land. Jordan is indeed a hard road to travel, particularly if you make a trip in berth No. 11 in a Pullman sleeping car. The sufferings incidental to my pilgrimage were becoming worse and worse, when unexpectedly a

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feeling of heavenly repose came over me. I had arrived at the end of my pilgrimage. The train had halted. I looked out through the window of my dungeon, and perceived houses and stores lighted up.

Singular coincidence: we had in all sober earnestness arrived at the Holy Land, for the station was Palestine, Texas. I noticed several signs for a crusader, particularly if he happened to be thirsty, for the sign read: "Hot Toddies," "Tom and Jerry." Another sign read "Abraham Moses, Palestine Clothing Store." I suppose the train halts in the Jerusalem end of Palestine.

This ends my second letter. I had hoped by this time to be outside of civilization, away up in Arkansaw, but you know how slow travelling on a Texas railroad is. You can count forty-seven between the telegraph posts. In my next letter I'll cross Red River into Arkansaw, if I have to get out of the car and go it on foot.

More next time.

SWEET.

TOO FAST.

COL. Burlington is a wealthy man. He did not earn wealth himself, but received it as a legacy. He is very obtuse, although he puts on a great deal of style. Hearing that he wanted a horse, a neighbor, who had one to sell, went to him and said:

"I want to sell you a horse. He is just the kind of an animal you want."

"Is he fast?"

"Fast? Fast is no name for him. How far do you live from your office?"

"About three miles."

"Well, if you start from your office at four o'clock in the evening you can sit down to your dinner at home at ten minutes past four."

"Then I don't want him."

"No? Why not?"

"Because my dinner isn't ready until five, and I would not know what to do with myself in the mean time."

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THE VERMILION DRAMA.

It is with feelings more of sorrow than of anger that we call the attention of the gasping public to the fact that Buffalo Bill will bring out a new play the coming season, entitled "Hole-in-her-Stocking." There is no question regarding its success. The death rate of Indians in the play is double that of any of his preceding efforts, and the death-rattle is as numerous as the long roll on a snare-drum.

The playwright who constructed the melodramatic nightmare was given a *carte blanche* in the killing business, and he proposes to make Buffalo Bill slaughter 180 tribes in 180 minutes. Already trusty and well-fed agents are scouring Ireland, engaging "Bloodthirsty Tribes of Fierce and Untamed Savages from the Far—Far West," not the sleepy, greasy, sleek, Government Agency Indians one sees in this country, but genuine, fiendish, Milesian redskins, ready and willing to "bite the dust" 900 times a night for $5 a week and expenses.

The Irish Indians are far superior to genuine Shawnees formerly used for stage purposes, as the Shawnees do not look enough like the red Indian of vivid imaginations, and they do not "Whoop-la!" loud enough, and naturally cavort and writhe in agony like a dog dying from strychnine. The Irish Indian, however, with the aid of red paint and turkey feathers can get himself up to look more fiendish and devilish than a real Hist!-I'm-on-his-trail Indian in the last stages of delirium tremens. He can yell louder, kick higher, and die in more positions than the greasiest Indian on the plains of the great wide West.

In addition to the illuminated Micks, a beautiful Tare-an-ages Indian maiden, Hole-in-her-Stocking (*nee* O'Rafferty), has been engaged by unanimous request of the bald-headed element of this land of advanced progress aud civilization. Of the amount of buffaloes and prairie chickens slaughtered in the play, it will be impossible to form an opinion, as the statistics will not be out before some time late in the fall. The plot is extremely thrilling, averaging three thrills to the minute.

ACT I.

Curtain rises and discovers Buffalo Bill in the act of making a

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desperate mash on Hole-in-her-Stocking, the ravishing maiden, as they sit by a foaming cascade. As Buffalo Bill is about to press her to his broad, manly bosom, the maiden gives a terrific scream, and immediately three tribes of bloodthirsty Cork Indians plunge madly to the rescue. Somehow Bill has acquired possession of his "trusty" rifle and "sends a leaden messenger of death whizzing to the heart of the chief." Calmly and quietly he picks off half the remaining Indians with his "barkers," and clubs the rest to death to slow music.

They die hard, but Bill has got to kill 'em.

This little episode disposed of, Bill seizes Hole-in-her-Stocking and hurries her away to his camp, playfully killing several hundred Indians on the way. Reaching the camp, Bill instructs Hole-in-her-Stocking in the mystic art of making gin-slings and oatmeal flapjacks, in which, contrary to all precedent, Bill takes the cake, and Hole-in-her-Stocking doesn't get any. Somehow an Irish comedian is worked into this scene in company with a banjo artist, and the act closes by the party "picking off" 200 Indians with "unerring aim," and telling lies about catching fish.

ACT II.

In the second act the house is thrilled from pit to dome in rapidly succeeding thrills when Hole-in-her-Stocking is stolen from Bill's tent, by the soft light of a moon made of a greased rag and a tallow candle. Upon Bill's return to camp he executes a yell like a man who steps on a carpet tack in the silent watches of the night, and registers a vow to recover the maiden if he has to chop his way through nineteen cords of solid Indians to do it.

He then "dons" his sombrero and marches on the hand-painted Irish-Indian foe, while the bald-headed trombonist executes a solo, and a bow-legged super pounds merrily on the thunder gong. Having made the comedian swear allegiance at the point of a sled stake, Buffalo Bill "creeps in a snake-like manner" on the unsuspecting foe, when the rustling of a twig discovers them, and they are instantly surrounded by fierce hordes of vermilion savages who pine for blood. Even against such fearful odds the wonderful bravery of Buffalo Bill is again displayed to the best advantage. Calmly taking in the situation

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at a glance, Bill immediately "picks off" Indians with blank cartridges, and is then chased up a tree behind which the low comedian is trying to conceal himself. When the savages make preparations to burn the tree down, Buffalo Bill slides down and kicks 311 Indians to death in thirteen minutes, while the band murders some more music, and a delicate-limbed super executes fireworks and flashes of lightning. Finally, Bill is overpowered and tied to the tree by his neck.

ACT III.

In Act Third the savages amuse themselves by making preparations to torture the prisoner by lighting a small bonfire on his stomach. It looks now very much as though it was good-night with William Taurus. But at the last moment he rends his shackles with the greatest effort of his life, and grabbing a clothes prop, clubs half the tribe into a jelly, while the other half jump around quite lively in order to give him a chance to do it. Bill then coolly seizes the lovely Hole-in-her-Stocking and climbs hand over hand up a thirty-foot cascade, which he pulls up after him. The happy couple are then married by red fire and blue lights, and receive as presents thirteen plated butter dishes, fourteen dollar-store pickle casters, a dozen patent clothes-pins and a hat-rack.

The local paper says "all went merry as a marriage bell."

In publishing this plot in advance, we are sensibly aware of the fact that we have been guilty of violating the international law for the extradition of authorship, or something of that kind, but then, what is the public going to do about it?"

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Bill Collector—" How about meeting this note ?"

Impecunious Reporter—" I don't know about meeting this note, but I'll tell you what I will do."

" What do you propose to do?"

" Instead of meeting this note, I'll just make a note of this meeting. That will do just as well, won't it?"

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IN CENTRAL PARK.

SHE—"If the lion should break out, which would you save first, the children or me?"
HE—"Me."

HE DIDN'T EXAGGERATE.

"ATE a quart of raw oysters at one time! Oh, pshaw! you couldn't do it, Patrick."

"Well, it's meself that did it no later than the day afore yisterday."

"Patrick, Patrick, you're a great liar!"

"Misther Roberts, I've not exaggerated at all. I ate a whole quart, sur, but at the same time I'll acknowledge that the oysters wur schmall wans."

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THE DENTIST.

WE never enter a dentist's studio without feeling uneasy. Not that we have any teeth which we cannot easily remove without his aid, but still we are awe-struck in his presence. It appears that our teeth have gone into committee of the whole and move by platoons; so we are not afraid of a sudden and unexpected attack on any stragglers; still, weremember what a time we once had with the old teeth, and wince in sympathetic memory. The rooms of these artists in bicuspids and molars are no places for quiet and cozy little chats on the follies of the day or the lighter and more frivolous topics of society.

The conscience of a dentist must be something like that of a champion butcher, who kills and strings up his victim, ready-dressed for the market, in three minutes by a stop-watch, Chicago time. A thoroughly good dentist should be a man with nerves like chilled steel and a heart like live oak. Some of the dentists with whom we are on speaking terms are oily fellows, with hands as soft as a dude's cranium, and a seductive voice like that of a drug clerk. He will meet you at the door wrapped in a winning smile and a spotted dressing gown, and talk to you as soothingly as could a speculator in mining stocks, and he will inveigle you into the high-backed inquisitorial chair, and lie to you about the pain, and root around your sore and throbbing gums with his thumb-nail, and all the time smiling like an ox-eyed violet. The next thing you know trouble will commence. He will slip on a pair of highly-polished forceps; there will be an uncontrollable desire on your part to open wide your mouth and howl. A short decisive jerk, your poor head will fall back on the chair, and your mouth will be full of freshly-distilled blood; your eyes will be brimming with tears, and a miscellaneous variety of cuss words will be struggling for utterance in your larynx.

But it is the old-fashioned dentist, the country doctor of the cross-roads, who used to grin like a cannibal whenever he saw a victim approach his office—he is the one who used to fill the apple of our youthful eye. He was a terror. He who has never been put through the agonizing evolutions of a tooth-

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pulling drill in the back room of his office, does not know what fun is. He has missed several great opportunities. This rural tooth-carpenter used to perpetrate his fiendish work in one time and two motions. If the patient could not keep his head steady, the dentist would lay his head on the floor and hold it down with his knee. And if the man returned alive to his family, who had parted from him with sorrowful apprehensions, the members would meet him with congratulations, and fried chicken and biscuits, that he was unable to eat.

This ancient gladiatorial dentist was as remorseless in his operations as a lynching mob. He had no sympathy at all for a patient. To him a toothache was a sardonic joke. And when he threw a man on the floor, put his knee on his chest and the turnkeys on the wrong tooth, and straightened himself, it did seem as though the last end of that man had come, and was a great deal worse than the first.

The modern dentist is not like the dentist of long ago. The old time dentist did not repair teeth; he simply uprooted those that were decayed. It is only of late years that the dentist has occupied a recognized position in the departments of minor surgery. Some dexterity and considerable muscular strength were the chief qualifications of the dentists of our childhood. When a patient called on one of them, the dentist would put his finger in the patient's mouth, and after feeling around among the stumps, and shaking them one after another until a howl from the patient demonstrated that he had hold of the right one, he would say, laconically, "It's got to come out." Then he would go for his instruments. These mechanical appliances were of a very primitive character. They consisted of several pair of things like bullet moulds; those of the largest size he used on adults, and the small ones on children. While he was engaged filing the rust off his instruments, the sufferer had time to note the contents of the room. On a shelf was a rope, with which nervous patients were tied in the operating chair; on another chair a basin, and a pitcher with a broken handle, containing water presumably for the purpose of washing away such gory evidences of butchery as the operation might leave; on a broken-legged desk propped up with a brick, was a skull with a cracked jaw-bone, which was too suggestive to be pleasant or soothing; in the window sill the dentist's

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library consisting of a copy of Wedl's *Pathology of the Teeth*, and a portion of a volume of Moore's melodies; in front of the operating chair, hanging on the wall, was a steel engraving representing Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena. The picture was evidently put there with the view of distracting the patient's attention from thoughts of the agony in store for him. While he was wondering if Napoleon ever had toothache, and if he ever burned the inside of his mouth with creosote and oil of cloves in his efforts to deaden the pain; and while he was wishing that he could change places with Napoleon for a day or two, the dentist grasped him by the hair, threw his head back, inserted the can opener in his mouth, and began groping around for the bad tooth. When he found it, his usual plan was to crush it into pieces and dig out the fragments, one at a time. During the operation the sufferer groaned, and moaned, and yearned for death. When the dentist got his grappling-irons around the root of a double tooth, and braced himself up with his foot against the wall for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, the patient thought that the end of all things was at hand, that an explosion had occurred in the cellar, and that the heavens were rolling themselves up as a scroll, while the top of his head was being broken off, and his vertebra was being jammed down into the hollow of his legs. When he was calmed with a glass of water, he found that the alarming sensations he had experienced were caused, as the dentist put it, by "the extraction of the molar from the alveolar cavity."

The modern dentist is a different kind of an aggravated outrage. He has a college diploma that he keeps hanging on the wall in a tin case. He usually has a nicely furnished operating room, where he has an elaborate chair, working on pivots and hinges, that he places the patient in when he is pulling his tooth, and another to be used when a tooth is being filled. He has hundreds of instruments—diminutive augers and gouges

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and scrapers, and one vile thing that seems to make about seven hundred revolutions a minute, and with which he bores into the nerve of your tooth until you feel as if your immortal soul was being tampered with. But the modern dentist seldom pulls a tooth. He prefers to fill it with some gutta-percha sort of composition, or with gold. You see the filling will, in the course of time, come out and then he gets another job putting it in again, whereas when he pulls out a tooth, that ends it; the owner of the tooth seldom cares to have it decorated, or to squander bullion on it after it is out. He usually carries it in his vest pocket for two or three days, and then throws it into some vacant lot. When a man has an aching tooth that tries to push itself into prominence, that seems to swell up and get in the way of everything he eats, and to take more of his thought and attention than he can spare, he can go to the modern dentist, who will fill him up with gas until he imagines he is a balloon, soaring up almost as high as the dentist's charge for the operation, and when he comes to earth again, the tooth will be gone and there will be a vacant place in his jaw that will seem to him to be about the size of a town lot. The painless dentistry of to-day is less exciting than the painful dentistry of the past; but it is otherwise an improvement on the old style.

RAILROAD IRREGULARITIES.

"Let us go down to the depot on Austin avenue, and see if any of our friends have come in on the train."

"But the train is two hours behind time. What's the use of going down there now?"

"What the use?" cxclaimed the other. "Why, the saloon across the street from the depot is not shut up, is it?"

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KNOX'S LETTER.

TEXAS, 10th August.

DEAR SWEET:

You remember that young lawyer, who had a position on Col. Bill Snort's paper, the *Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator*, and whose brilliant editorial endorsing the nominee for Tax Collector I wrote you about. This young man—whose name was Spivins, and who was a recent immigrant from Connecticut—has gone away. The place that once knew him knows him now only by reputation. I dropped into the *Clarion* office yesterday and found the editorial tripod of Spivins occupied by the rind of a gigantic watermelon. The genial Colonel Snort, however, was in his laboratory, welding together an article on The Political Situation in Europe. At first he did not receive me with that *eclat* and western hospitality which makes him so popular.

"You here again!" he said, in bitter tones of Avaunt-and-leave-me-sight-base-minion variety; "I told you—you needn't bring that bill here till after the——"

Colonel Snort had evidently mistaken me for another man, for when I interrupted him, he looked up and blushed, and pretended that he was merely perpetrating a joke on me.

"Where is the genial and versatile Spivins?" I asked.

"Gone, sir. A week ago he silently folded a pawn ticket inside his outer shirt, and stole a ride on a freight train that was going east."

"Tired of the position, was he?"

"No, not that; he resigned, though. He did not want to resign, but he resigned. He was persuaded to sever the ties that bound him to this place, by a man who emphasized his arguments with a six-shooter."

Then Colonel Snort told me all about it. It seems that Spivins had what is called a facile pen. When he seized it and started it on its mad career in pursuit of an idea, or in writing an editorial on the Necessity of Prevention, or the Prevention of Necessity, for miles around the English language could be heard trembling to its very foundation and Rhetoric tottered on its throne.

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He wrote a fierce and aggressive article on the lawlessness of the Crosby County people. In it he demonstrated how few rights the stranger had that were respected by the natives. He said that Eastern men were coerced and intimidated, and prevented from growing up with the country. It was a red hot article, that to read it would have made your hair run cold and your blood stand on end. He wound it up by asking: "Where is the Palladium of our liberties?" "Why did our heroic forefathers shed their blood to give us Liberty and a Constitution?" "Did the Barons who wrested the Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede live and die in vain?"

He headed the article, "How Long, O Lord, How Long?" and double-leaded it.

Two days after the paper containing the article was issued, a man wearing a wide sombrero, a dyed mustache, and all the other characteristics, *tout ensemble*, and *haut gout* of the cowboy called.

To Mr. Spivins he said:

"Are you the tenderfoot what writes these O-Lord-How-Long screeds in the *Clarion?*"

The versatile Spivins blushed, and intimated that he had the honor.

"Well, sir, you did give it to 'em, didn't you? Just scorched 'em, eh?"

"I flatter myself that it was pretty strong, but nothing more than the subject justified," said the assistant editor.

"Would you mind comin' out an' takin' a smack with me?"

Mr. Spivins said that he wouldn't mind. An editor has never been known to be so "recreant to his trust" as to refuse a free smack or gratuitous drink.

The man with the dyed mustache led him around to a restaurant. They sat down at a table. The man with the dyed mustache took out of his pocket the last number of the *Clarion*, turned to the editorial on lawlessness, and said:

"You do sling a lively pen, for a fact. This is just a snorter."

Spivins was pleased. He said that it was nothing to what he could do if he had a chance; it was merely the inspiration of a moment, and was dashed off in a few minutes.

"If it had been the inspiration of a few hours and a half, and

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and if you'd had a whole evening to dash it off in, it would have been a sizzler, wouldn't it?"

The assistant editor of the *Clarion* modestly said that he thought it would.

"Now, Mister, I called to give you some points on this subject. You are a little fresh, you know. Haven't been long here. You want to know where is our Palladium. Here she is. I brought her to show her to you."

Then he drew a navy six-shooter and laid it on the table.

"She's the Palladiumest weepon you ever saw. And you ask why our forefathers shed their gore, etcettery. I don't mind telling you that they wouldn't have shed a solitary gore to save their necks from the Spanish yoke, if they'd thought their posterity would allowed such blamed ijutts as you to edit a Texas paper. As for these Magna Charta fellers that wrested Runnymede from King John, I don't know much of their dying in vain, but I reckon they died in vain, or in England, or somewhere; but if they'd lived till now they'd have wrested the liver outen you, or they were not the kind of galoots I take them to have been. I'm here to straighten things with you, to take some kinks outen your prejudices agin the people of Crosby County, as it war. I'm from Sullivan's Gulch, an' up our way we don't allow no man to say nothing about the lawlessness of the people of this county. We'er the lawfullest people you ever saw. We believe in freedom of speech, and we never intimidate nobody; so I've been appointed a committee to call on you and invite you to a little lunch, an' see that you eat this article of yours. This committee is now in session, an' would like to see you begin your repast."

The cowboy took out a long, spring-backed knife, carved the column and a half editorial out of the *Clarion*, handed it to Spivins and, levelling the revolver at his head, told him that he could either roll it up in a ball and take it at one bite, or he could eat it "jes' so."

"The folks up at Sullivan's Gulch is the hospitalest duffers you ever saw, an' they told me to take no refusal, but to see that you enjoyed yourself. Proceed to devour the vittals, my friend."

The waiter came up to take the gentlemen's order, but was warned off by the cowboy's knife and the remark, "This is a

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private picnic of our own, an' we brought a little smack with us."

Spivins kicked, and tried to bolt the Convention, but the bold, bad cowboy persuaded him, and he ate the whole 6,000 ems of bourgeois editorial, and then he only stayed in town long enough to draw the $1.75 balance of salary that was due him, and to tell Colonel Snort that he felt it would be conducive to his longevity if he moved back to the effete East.

Our esteemed contemporary, Snort, is anxious to get an assistant editor who is not too fresh—one who can use both judgment and a six-shooter. He asks me to request you to find such a one for him if possible.

Yours,

J. ARMOY KNOX.

ADVERTISING ENTERPRISE.

"MOSES,' said Mrs. Schaumberg to her spouse, "you shute haf read de adverdisement vot Isaac haf got oud. He haf more pizzeness enterprise vot you haf got."

"How you make dot oud, Repecca?" replied Moses.

"Vy, Isaac's adverdisement reats, 'not only mus mine goots pe solt ride avay quick, but dem sthore vixtures vill haf to pe moofed oud py der 3d of Shanniary.'"

"Dot's noddings, Repecca, dot's noddings at all to mine new adverdisement. You dond could haf reat all uv mine cart, eh? De cart in de baper vos in your name, und it reats: 'I, Repecca Schaumberg, vill bositively sell, or give avay at de lowest brices, everydings in mine former husbandt's shtore, as he haf died mit starvation for selling dings so sheap, und I mus de funeral oxpenses ride avay bay oop.' Vat you dinks now, Repecca? How high am dot for enterprise?"

"Ach! mine Moses! How coult I haf such a poor obinion mate of you as dot? Und still I cannot see vot geeps you so long dot legislature oud."

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A FREE LECTURE.

"Whatsh goin' on inshide; anyshing shentimental?"

TICKET AGENT—"Rev. Dr. Drinkwater is lecturing on the 'Evils of Intemperance.' It will only cost you fifty cents to hear it."

"Fifty shents too much. The old 'ooman lectures me on 'Evilsh of Intempensh' every night, and it don't cosht me a shingle shent."

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THE SCHOOLMASTER MARRIED McCORKLE'S SISTER.

NEW Dick McCorkle! well, I swar! The ornary little Thug! An' he's got a ranche on the Pecos, you say, an' pop'lar among the cowboys. Great Gosh! I knowed him when he was a flop-mouthed boy. He was a terror, I tell you. We was at school together, me an' him. Pop'lar then? Well, no, not enough to spile him. Why, we boys just dispised him. We uster git up in the night to hate him. You see it war this way: The schoolmaster wanted to marry his sister—Dick's sister. Dick was freckle-faced and codfish-eyed, an' he never knowed his lessons, but he wasn't licked and thumped, nor jammed up against the wall, nor batted on the head with the frame of an old slate. *The schoolmaster wanted to marry McCorkle's sister.*

"He was allowed to sit with the big girls, and 'go out' as often as he wanted to. The little, spike-haired cur could come late, and eat nuts, and champ apples in school hours without one word of reproof, and when he spilled ink on the floor he didn't get a belt on the ear with a McGuffey's third reader. Oh, no, the schoolmaster wanted to marry his sister.

How we hated that young hoodlum! We tried to lower him in the master's estimation by putting up jobs on him. We were guilty of dead loads of villainy and injustice in our attempts to make the teacher turn on him, but it was always a cold day for us, and we never succeeded, for the schoolmaster wanted to marry his sister.

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"We couldn't see why the schoolmaster should take revenge on our tender hides, and why we should wear welts and scars while that ignorant nondescript, McCorkle, would put on airs over us, an' would wander singing down the lane with all his imperfections on his red head, an' bring back to the master the tough saplings that were worn out on the jackets of the rest of us. He never got a whack. The school-master wanted to marry his sister.

"I left the school to help in camp on a cattle round up, an' it was about three months before I came back. The first thing I saw when I got back to school was the master whalin' the daylights outen McCorkle with the cover of an atlas. When he had used that up and broke the ruler, he spit on his hands, caught Dick by the ears, and pounded his head against the map of Asia. Then he pulled two handfuls of hair out of his head, and sent him to sit down by the window with the broken pane where the snow was coming in.

"I could hardly believe my eyes. I asked one of the boys what was the meaning of this, an' if it wasn't some mistake.

"'No, no,' says he' 'this is regular now every day. The master whales Corkey eight or ten times a day now, an' yesterday he hit him with the English language (unabridged) on the head until the jar loosened the fillin' in his teeth. Didn't you know that *the schoolmaster had married McCrokle's sister?*'"

WHAT YER GWINETER DO?

WHEM de Las' Day's count's made out,
En Ole Gab'el makes his shout,
  Des er-ringin' en er-singin' frough de trumpet in his han,"
Will yer step up ter de line,
Chile, ter fin' out war yer gwine,
  Widout shakin', without quakin', like er solid little man?

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Will yer trimble in de knees,
En feel wusser by degrees,
  Heart er sinkin'—eyes er blinkin' in er c-u-u-ris sort er way?
Will yer try ter break en run,
En hab trouble fer yer fun,
  Ack'in' foolish, kickin' mulish, on de awful Judgment Day?
Ah! de debbil's mighty quick,
He is soople, en he's slick,
  Full er fire, keen ez brier, and he's all time on de watch;
But de Lawd is good en true, honey,
En He will he'p yer frough,
  Ef yer'll talk up, man, en walk up ter de line en toe de notch!
I'm er-drappin er little hint,
Des ter gib yer sorter squint
  Shape er warnin' fer dat mornin *when de ho'n is gwineter blow!*
Will yer take de proper heed,
Like er soul dat stan's in need
  Ob er story full er glory 'bout de sweet Forebbermo'?

NARROW ESCAPE FROM A CHAPARRAL COCK.

THE Sand Spring, two and a half miles from Austin, on the east bank of the Colorado river, is a beautiful and very romantic spot. The large spring, like a huge caldron, bubbles up out of the sand, and flows into the Colorado river only a few yards distant. The country on the east side of the river is level, but the west bank is a ragged wall of limestone, towering up several hundred feet, covered with a thick growth of cedar and live oak, the appearance of the bluff being not unlike the Palisades on the Hudson. Sand Spring is shaded by a luxuriant growth of willow trees. On the opposite bank of the river, near the water line, in a cave, the mouth of which is plainly visible, and which is almost inaccessible, dwells a hermit. He has lived in that cave for the last twenty years, sup-

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porting himself principally by fishing. He does not quite answer the description of the traditional hermit we read of in good books. He does not spend most of his time in prayer and meditation, cheerfully contemplating a skull. The Hermit of the Colorado is not that kind of an æscetic, in spite of his Lenten diet of fish. Those who have visited his cave say his favorite reading is the *Police Gazette*, and that he swears like a trooper. He is also addicted to the use of tobacco, and has a careless way of standing off intruders with an old Enfield musket, peculiarities which good, old-fashioned hermits were not in the habit of cultivating.

One day last week a select coterie, to use a society term, was assembled and gathered together at Sand Spring. The party consisted, for the most part, of a Sifter, Gen. Rust, of Michigan; Col. Babcock, who is one of the parties implicated in building the new Capitol at Austin; Mr. Huddle, the well-known artist; Major Caskie, and several other gentlemen. Some of the party had inadvertently brought along some ice, beer, and several flasks containing an amber-colored fluid, in which some slices of lemon peel were swimming about. It was only good when taken internally. It may have been good as a liniment, but we did not see anybody apply it externally. All the gentlemen mentioned, and the lunch, were spread out carelessly on the ground, near the spring—not that backward spring that lingers in the lap of winter, but Sand Spring. They were engaged in discussing various topics. All at once the entire company was thrown into an indescribable state of excitement by Huddle springing to his feet, and pointing with frenzied fingers at an object that was moving rapidly toward a rail fence. It was a chaparral cock, or road-runner. Several of the party had target rifles, and had been shooting at everything from the size of a red bird up to that of Mount Bonnell, without hitting anything, however. They seized their arms, and prepared for the worst, but the bird kept on toward the fence. The chaparral cock is about the size of a small chicken, and can run faster than a horse.

Gen. Rust, who has seen active service in the Federal army, immediately suggested that the best campaign plan would be to cut off the bird from the cover of the thicket by throwing an armed force into the field. The bird would then be compelled to

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fall back on the Colorado river, where he would fall a victim to the unerring target rifles of the rest of the mob. Col. Huddle —we shall always call him colonel from now on—instantly volunteered to cut off the road-runner, and the time he made in getting to that fence, and the agility he displayed in bounding over it, with his trusty rifle in his hand, drew cheers from the main army under Gen. Rust. Col. Huddle succeeded in flanking the bird. He was on one side—the upper side—of the fence and the bird on the other, and both of them were in plain sight. The bird ran, and Huddle ran, but as the bird did not carry a rifle, was not wearing heavy boots, and weighed less than 200 pounds, the latter took the lead and kept it. "Run, Huddle, you are gaining on him," called Gen. Rust from his position where he could overlook the whole battle-field. And he did run. The mud from his boots flew up high into the air and looked like huge rocks thrown up by a blast. Every once in a while the intelligent bird would run up on the fence to find out how far behind his pursuer really was, and taking a bird's-eye view of the situation, and seeing him so far off, would descend, and scratching his chin with his claw, in a meditative manner, wait for Huddle to catch up, whereupon the bird would lead him another wild goose chase for several hundred yards. When Huddle and the bird got to the end of the fence, the latter doubled on the former and came in on the homestretch a hundred yards ahead amid the cheers of the spectators.

The reader can have no idea of the intelligence of the chaparral cock, compared with that of man. This one knew that after a man had run five hundred yards through a ploughed field, he was not likely to shoot very straight at a mark, and taking a mean advantage of Huddle's shaky condition, the bird actually perched on the fence, and defied him to fire. Huddle would not take a dare, but owing to excitement and palpitation of the heart from running, the gun wabbled about in a very alarming manner. The first shot came singing over the heads of Gen. Rust's reserves at the spring, nearly scaring us to death. The scoundrelly bird had taken a position precisely in line between Huddle and the rest of the party, so the first shot from Col. Huddle's battery threw us into a cold perspiration and barked one of the willow trees, and went on singing across the river.

Most of the party had been either in the Federal or Confed-

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erate army, and knew precisely what to do. Gen. Rust immediately selected the largest cottonwood tree, and placed it between himself and Huddle's rifle. He said that trees of that size had frequently saved his life during our late fratricidal struggle. Maj. Babcock got under the river bank, and all the rest sought positions of safety. Huddle's second shot did not hit anything except the opposite bank of the river. The only party who seemed to enjoy the performance was that wretched bird, which, perched up on the fence, whisked his tail at Huddle at each shot, as much as to say, "You can just try that over again." The third shot hit the bird in the same spot where the others did, passed just over the head of the musical gentleman, struck the Colorado river, and, glancing, disturbed the old hermit at his devotions. Horrid profanity, dreadful imprecations, and reflections of a personal character, came wafted over the water from the hermit's cave. Then there was a sound as if a blast was fired off, and a large size rifle ball passed over our heads. The aged hermit, thinking that Huddle's bullets were meant for him, had opened fire on our exposed rear with his old Enfield musket. A nice old hermit, he was.

"Sanctified Moses! Huddle in front and the hermit in the rear. This is worse than the second day at Gettysburg," exclaimed Gen. Rust.

"For heaven's sake, somebody go out with flag of truce to Huddle, or the last one of us will be killed," said Major Babcock, trying to put himself on both sides of the tree at once.

"O, you blank scoundrels!" called out the hermit, swabbing out his gun for another shot.

Once more, at the risk of our lives, Huddle sought to murder the innocent chaparral cock, which whisked his tail at him as usual, and seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the thing.

The old hermit was just about to add to the solemnity of the occasion once more with his musket, and everybody was groaning and praying, when it occurred to us we had heard that the old hermit was the victim of avarice, and always had lucid intervals when there was money in sight. So we called out:

"Hermit, ahoy! We want to buy some of your fish for cash."

That disarmed the hermit. He laid down his instrument of death and climbed into the boat to bring us fish. The next

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thing was to silence Huddle, who was fixing to destroy the bird again. We got up on a stump, and held up the flask so that Huddle could see it. That tamed his savage heart. He came right in, for fear there would be nothing left in the flask if he fooled away his time shooting at the chaparral cock, and he was right about it.

Col. Huddle strolled in, very much tired out.

"You have saved our lives. You ought to have been a staff officer," said Gen. Rust, grasping us by our honest hand.

Major Babcock said, with tears in his eyes that he never before realized the power of the press in this country.

"It's against the law to shoot birds at this season of the year," said Col. Huddle, examining the sight on his unerring rifle, after he looked through the flask, to see if there was anything in the barrel.

The old hermit wanted a dollar for two small catfish. He said our bullets had hit all around him.

The chaparral cock didn't say a great deal, but it looked at us over its shoulder, as much as to say: "How am I going to amuse myself after you are gone?"

A DISAPPOINTED MASHER.

THERE lives in St. Louis a very sensible old German named Muller, who keeps a store. He has a daughter, but her name is not Maud; she does not rake the hay on a summer day, and angle simultaneously for susceptible old judges. Her name is Mina. Not long since she attracted the attention of one of those unfortunate creatures called "mashers," so called because their noses need mashing about ten times a day. He found out where she lived, and next day an unkempt urchin brought Miss Muller a personal note, marked "Strictly Confidential." The contents of the note

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were to the effect that he loved her for herself alone; also that he had something very important to communicate to her; hence she should meet him, at 10 o'clock sharp, at the corner of Biddle and 10th streets. The following postscript was added:

"P. S.—That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I shall wear a light pair of pants and a dark cut-away coat. In my right hand I shall carry a small cane, and in my left a cigar.

Yours forever, "ADOLHPUS"

As the urchin said he was told to wait for an answer, Miss Muller took the note to her father, and requested him to write an answer. The old man did so, stating that his daughter would be at the appointed place at the time specified, by proxy he, her father, having authority to represent her at the proposed caucus. The postscript read as follows:

"P. S.—Dot mine son of a gun may make no mistake, I vill pe dreshed in mine shirt sleeves. I vill vear in mine right hand a glub, in mine left hand I vill vear a six-shooter, 45 calibre. You vill recognize me py de vay I bats you on de head, a goople dimes twice mit dot glub. Vait for me on de corner, as I have somedings imbordant to inform you mit.

Your frent, "HEINRICH MULLER."

For some reason, Adolphus was not on hand when he was wanted, much to the grief of the old man, who meant all that he wrote.

ALMOST A HINT.

"HOW'S yer coming on in your new place," asked Uncle Mose of Gabe Snodgrass, who had recently accepted a position as porter in an Austin hardware store.

"Ise not comin' on very fas', Uncle Mose. De boss told me sumfing dis mornin', and ef he don't take it back he gwine ter lose me, shuahs yer born."

"What ded he tole yer?"

"He tole me ter consider myself discharged.

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OLD-FASHIONED FATHER—"Alexander, a cheer fer Mrs. Salaratus!
SMART SON—Certainly, sir; three cheers, if you like—hip, hip, hooray!

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SWEET'S LETTER.

ON THE TRAIN.

DEAR KNOX:

In the morning as soon as it was light, I spurned the downy couch in which I had been bounced about so unmercifully, and perceived that the landscape of the evening before had passed away, and an entirely new one had been spread out, ready for inspection. This proved that the car had actually moved forward, as well as up and down, but I am satisfied that it travelled more up and down than it did along the rails. At least it seemed so to all who were tossed about in their sleep (?) in the end berths. I asked an Irishman in the car if he enjoyed his sleep.

"Slape did you say? Divil a wink of slape did I get."

"Are you sure you didn't sleep?"

"Sure av it? Ef I had fallen aslape I would have knowed it, for I was awake the whole night. It is not a slape, it's a wake I was at, and it's the first toime in me loife that I iver attinded me own wake, and I am hoping it will niver occur to me agin as long as I'm alive. The nixt toime it happens to me, it's choloroform I'll take, so that if I'm awake I'll at laste be insinsible to it."

Just then the conductor entered, and slammed the door behind him.

"Conducthor, do ye know why yer ould slapin' car is loike the wurruld we live in?"

"I'm not in the conundrum business, sir."

"Well, sor, it's because it has two motions. The coompanie have put mile-posts all along the road to show how far we thravel alang the rails, but why the divil don't they cut notches ivery ten fate on the tilegraph poles to show how high we bounce from the rails ivery few minits. It's a hard loife that ye have, and I hope the coompanie pays you well for all your throuble."

"I don't have such a hard time of it," replied the conductor, smiling at the simplicity of the Hibernian.

"It's glad that I am to hear it. It was me belafe that yer loife was full of oops and downs, and that ye were in danger of

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being bounced," and, winking at me in a solemn and impressive manner, the Irishman leaned back in his seat, closed his eyes, and puckered up the long convexity of his upper lip.

By this time the train had arrived at Jefferson. The man after whom the place was named does not live there any more. He is dead now, but the town is deader. Its deader than Julius Cæsar. It was once a very flourishing city, but trade and commerce moved away to rival towns. There is a newspaper published at Jefferson called the *Jefferson Jimplicute.* Nobody has ever been able to find out what a Jimplicute is. I am satisfied that the paper killed the town. No city can flourish that has a local paper called the *Jimplicute.*

At Jefferson the pine region begins, and sawmills are visible on both sides of the car. Owing to the track being uneven, you seesaw inside of the car, and see saw-mills outside of the car. Enormous piles of sawdust are visible. I called the attention of the drummer to the sawdust, but he said the piles of sawdust were much smaller now than they are during the summer.

"Why is that?" I asked.

"You see in winter the theatrical troops from the North, on their way to Texas, come over this route in order to obtain sawdust with which to increase the symmetry of the actresses, and that requires a great deal of sawdust. It would cost too much to bring the sawdust with them. See?"

It is really astonishing how much a drummer knows.

I tried to make friends with the conductor, but he was an austere man, and refused to unbend.

"I notice there is ice on the surface of the water," I remarked, in a conciliatory manner.

"That's where ice usually is," he replied in freezing tones.

Texarkana is a very important place, particularly to railroad travellers, for there they get breakfast. What makes the place so important to the travelling public is the fact that the thoughtless man who introduces a railroad station breakfast into his system is liable to contract enough dyspepsia to last him the rest of his natural life, which may be materially shortened by the sole-leather beefsteaks and similar tough delicacies. There is, however, no danger in his drinking as much coffee as he can pay

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for. According to the best medical authorities, large draughts of tepid water are very beneficial to the system. As the prices charged for the life-destroying viands are in proportion to their durability, the unsuspecting voyager is liable to become a financial, as well as a physical wreck; hence my initiatory remark that Texarkana is a most important place.

It is really astounding how much solid information the pilgrim may collate by merely looking out of the car window. The first piece of advice that is gratuitously tendered him is on a large sign, and is in the shape of a culinary admonition, for you read in immense letter, in the vernacular of the natives:

"BILE BEANS."

Having scraped an acquaintance, for the sum of fifty cents in cash, with the sleeping-car porter, I asked him why beans should be "biled," and learned, to my astonishment, that "Bile Beans" was not a culinary admonition at all, but the name of a patent liver pill for the manufacture of which there was a local foundry.

"Bress yer soul, dat don't mean ter bile yer beans. Dar's heaps of biliousness, and dey takes de beans to prevent digestshun ob de liber and de udder mucus membranes. I tuck some bile beans once"—and he shook his head as if his experience had been too sad for mere words.

Another sign was calculated to make a stout man shiver. It would have made David Davis shiver all over. It caused my stomach to wrinkle up like an old washboard.

"Do they eat people here, Othello?" I asked.

I called the sleeping-car porter "Othello," because he, too, wore a military Pullman uniform, and was as black as the ten-spot of spades.

"Eat folks?"

"Yes."

"I nebber heered ob anybody being eat up here, 'ceptin' a New York drummer what stopped at de hotel ober night, and he tole me dat he was mos' eat up by somefing in de bed."

I called Othello's attention to the sign on what appeared to be an eating-house, which read:

"TAKE A BITE AT THE OLD TENNESSEEAN FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS."

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"Dat's de name of de restlerant, sah. Dey gibs you a squar meal, wid corn beef and biled cabbage for a quarter at dat restlerant."

Othello appeared to think that I was making fun of him, so he went off, and came back with an immense broom and a dustpan, and proceeded to sweep up a crumb of cracker that had been dropped by one of the children. Thrice he brushed and scooped up that crumb, and scattered it to the four winds of heaven on the Arkansaw side of the line; Texarkana, as the name implies, being partly in Texas and partly in Arkansaw. He came back once more with the broom and dustpan, and capturing a wholly imaginary crumb, disseminated it also over the surface of the State of Arkansaw. I felt so mortified at the conduct of the children in mussing up the palace dormitory on wheels, that my curiosity was not satisfied in regard to a great historical question. I cannot inform you whether or not William Tell is living at Texarkana. His house is there, for I saw it. There is a sign on it, which reads, "William Tell's House," but I did not see anybody loafing about that looked like William.

Texarkana must be the headquarters of the Pullman brigade. I have never seen so many military men gathered together since the war. There were five on the platform and three more of them were making a preconcerted attack on some stubborn beefsteak in the eating-room. They made it hot for those provisions. They acted as if they expected to be beseiged, and were laying in supplies for the occasion. Every moment I expected to see an orderly dash up on a foaming steed, with an order in his belt directing the brigade to man the outer wall, and fling the banner to the breeze, but he did not arrive before the train left.

Just before we left Texarkana, the Irish passenger suggested to our conductor that he wear a sword to punch the tickets with. The conductor showed a disposition to punch the Irishman's head, and a personal encounter would probably have taken place if the conductor had not been called away by his official duties.

Yours in Texas as yet,

SWEET.

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SLEEPING-CAR SKETCHES.

THERE is a boy that is to be found infesting sleeping-cars all over this broad-gauge land of ours, and who makes life a burden to the rest of the passengers. His age runs from five to ten years, and he runs from the ice-water tank to the other end of the car about seventeen times an hour. His chief characteristics are familiarity with strangers, a desire for information, and an extraordinary capacity for holding ice-water.

The boy in the sleeping-car usually travels with his mother, a pale, careworn woman who is going somewhere to meet her husband. He keeps his poor mother in a condition of mental distress all the time. He tampers with the window, hurts his fingers and howls; he swings between the seats, falls on the back of his head and howls. He disappears, and when his mother, believing that he has fallen off the train, is about to faint, he is discovered riding on the brake on the rear platform. When rescued and brought back to his mother, he yells again.

The boy in the sleeping-car does not know how to modulate his voice. He talks in a loud key. This is sometimes very embarrassing when the train stops—embarrassing to the other passengers, but not to the boy.

One of these imps was in a sleeper on the Missouri-Pacific Railroad the last time we came down the road. He was shouting some statistics into his mother's ear. We could not hear what he said, owing to the noise the train made in climbing over the rough track between Fort Worth and Denison; but when the train suddenly stopped at a woodpile, the clarion voice of the boy could be heard: "—— and you oughter seen

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the tremendous long night-shirt that that preacher-looking feller back there put on 'fore he climbed up into his bed!" The mother's "Hu-s-s-s-h!" couldn't stop him, and the preacher-looking passenger blushed, and gave his attention to the landscape. If you have ever travelled, you have met this boy, haven't you? and he has asked you what various articles of your wearing apparel cost, and he has made disinterested efforts to entertain you by showing you his bruised thumb, and you have seen him in the wash-room gorging himself with ice-water, and tormenting the porter with questions regarding the distance to the next station, and you have found him in the smoking compartment imparting family secrets to a drummer. Certainly you have seen him, and you have heard him, and you have felt him when he climbed over your feet, and dropped some of his greasy lunch on your trousers, and you have wished that he was your boy for just three minutes, that you might teach him manners; and you have thought that you would like to do it with a shawl-strap with a large buckle at the end of it, haven't you?

One of the most difficult things in this world, next to swimming the whirlpool of Niagara, is to get into the upper berth in a sleeping-car. It is a dangerous feat, as well as embarrassing. The upper berth in a sleeping-car is as unpopular as a green watermelon. The time-worn saying that nothing comes by chance is a misnomer. In attempting to storm the battlements of an upper berth, it is a grave chance if you ever succeed in forcing an entrance.

Upper berths are very good openings for gymnasts and sailors. They afford rare opportunities for them to show off. It is a moving and affecting spectacle to see the fat and habitually dignified head of a family laboriously acquire possession of an upper berth. The trouble usually begins by the old gentleman expostulating with the conductor for putting him so high up, and he begs that gilt-edged official to try and make a trade with some small-sized man who can easily climb up the side of the car, and crawl inside with little or no difficulty. The

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commanding officer of the quarter deck says he will see what he can do about it, and then he wanders off into the blue regions of the smoking-car and shakes dice with the train boy for a cigar. Meanwhile the fat man waits and perspires and fumes and curses all of the officials of the road, from the president down to the section bosses.

When the conductor saunters leisurely back, he tells the fat man that nothing can be done; no one, he says, will exchange a lower berth for an upper—no, not even if the fat man will give something to boot. That is just the way in this world—as soon as anybody wants anything, it immediately becomes very valuable. Then the dignified fat man glares at the other passengers, and waits until they have all retired before he tries to get up into the berth.

There are several different ways of forcing an entrance into an upper berth. You can hire the porter for two-bits to give you a leg up, but this method is liable to attract attention and excite ungenerous and sarcastic remarks. The dignified fat man has a regular circus. First swinging himself up by the curtain bar, he tries to go in feet first, but he can't let go the rail without tumbling back again into the aisle. The porter helps him out of this fix, and the fat man tries a new deal. This time he steps on the ear of a sleeping beauty in the lower berth, and the sleeping beauty knocks the pins out from under him, and the fat man retires to the wash-room to bathe his nose and abuse monopolies and the accommodations of the travelling hotel.

Then he gets the porter to bring a camp-stool; he gets up on it, catches hold of the brass rod above, and is about to spring for the berth, when the camp-stool doubles up, and in his efforts to save himself from coming down with a "dull thud" on the floor, he wildly grabs the bell-cord, and that stops the train, and the conductor comes in and uses bad language to him, and the passengers all wake up and use more language, and the dignified fat passenger wishes that he had more clothes on. Finally he manages to crawl into the upper berth, and he boils over with malicious thoughts and sinister desires for the bankruptcy of the railroad company. It is a full hour before he relapses into slumber, and then the conductor comes along and punches him and his ticket, and then a horrible suspicion flashes across him that the berth may become loosened in some way from its

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catch and spring up against the ceiling of the car and smother him. He sleeps no more until daylight, and then he has to jump out and dress hurriedly, for the train is running into the city.

A good stretch on the longitudinal cushioned seats of the caboose of a freight train is many points ahead of the best upper berth ever invented for a palace sleeping-car, and we don't care who knows it.

A PECULIAR ANNIVERSARY.

BARKEEPER—"So it's an anivarsary ye are celebratin'. May I ask what anivarsary it is?"

REVELLER—"Indade ye may. It's a year and eight weeks to-day since I took the plidge."

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"DID YOU KNOW SALLIWAY?"

SALLIWAY.

ACCORDING to the San Antonio *Light*, a curious episode occurred there last week. The episode was a strange medley of equal parts of grief, sorrow, and despair, shaken up with wild hilarity, and other plain and ornamental styles of mirth.

The principal characters who sustained star parts in the melodrama were a couple of English exiles, Mr. Ryder and a casual acquaintance who answers to the name of 'Arry. It is a matter of grave and serious remark that when anything excruciatingly comical occurs in San Antonio, one or more Englishmen are unavoidably mixed up in it. They seem to be in Texas for no other purpose than that of furnishing the natives with fun at unusually low rates; or, in other words, at the exclusive expense of the said English immigrants.

This Mr. Ryder appears to be, according to the surface indications, a very good natured, accommodating sort of Briton. He was sitting in Kerble's beer garden, meditating on the glories of mellow old England, when a brother Briton, a seedy-looking caitiff, entered the sacred precincts dedicated to Gambrinus. Personally, Mr. Ryder was not intimate with the dilapidated intruder. All he knew about the antecedents of the intruder was that his name was 'Arry, whose brow was hung with crape, to speak figuratively. He appeared to be suffering from a severe attack of mental indigestion, handicapped with grief, as it were.

Ryder suggested beer, and 'Arry's opposition to the measure was so feeble that the bill passed unanimously, and the sergeant-at-arms, a German waiter, was directed to produce the documents.

"Did you know Salliway," asked 'Arry, "the gentleman who was married to the daughter of old man Powers, who was stabbed not long ago?"

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Ryder shook his head. He had never heard or read of Salliway; but on being informed that he was a fellow exile, or an exiled fellow from the mellow old country, he (Ryder) expressed a willingness to make his acquaintance.

"Oh, it's too late to be introduced to him now," said 'Arry; "it's altogether too late; the man's dead, you know."

"Dead!" exclaimed Mr. Ryder. "What carried him off?"

"He has committed suicide," replied 'Arry, letting his head fall on the table before him; "he has gone and drowned himself intentionally."

"Two more beers," said the sympathetic Ryder to the waiter; and, on the waiter producing them, he (Ryder) remarked:

"Cheer up, 'Arry. May the poor fellow's last beer be as agreeable as this."

Having refreshed himself from the flowing tankard, 'Arry communicated the melancholy facts in regard to Salliway's intentional suicide, as he called it.

"Alas! poor Salliway!" sighed 'Arry, draining the last dreg from the bottom of the tankard; "Salliway was my best, in fact, the nearest and dearest friend I had."

"Waiter, two more beers. Salliway is becoming dearer to me every minute," observed Ryder, as he planked down another dime.

"Salliway often helped me out when I was in a tight place, or when I was tight in a place."

"Was Salliway a policeman?" asked Ryder.

"Don't joke about a dead man," said 'Arry; "don't do it!"

"He must have been a policeman," suggested Ryder.

"Don't," said 'Arry; "don't do it."

"Well, I won't; beg pardon. "Go on, 'Arry, with the 'arrowing narrative."

"Well, this Salliway was a handsome fellow, and nearly related to Lord Abercarom—'ow near I don't exactly know. He resembled me somewhat. He had studied for the ministry, and, had he not taken to drinking, would have been a bishop by this time."

"There, there, 'Arry," said Ryder; "I thought, you know, that you were jokin' all the time. If this thing is true, forgive me for my seeming levity."

"Hall right, Mr. Ryder," said 'Arry; "hall right. I' ave

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been in very low spirits myself hof late, but I did my best to cheer 'im hup, but hall in vain. This morning while four or five of hus was bathing in the Blue 'Ole, above town, Salliway, who didn't know 'ow to swim, threw himself into the water where hit was ten feet deep, and was drowned. We did hall we could to save 'im, but hit was in vain. We couldn't find 'is body. Men are still diving for 'im at the Blue Ole, while I came hon to town to notify that little stove-hup, sawed-hoff Dutchman, the coroner, and to horder a coffin."

Such was the pathetic story which poor 'Arry told of the suicide of his dear friend, Salliway. While relating this affecting incident, 'Aray sighed and groaned like a blast furnace, and the sympathetic Ryder himself sniffled visibly at times. Even the official, who purveyed the frequent beers, and who had listened to the thrilling tale, shook his speculative head, and was fearfully and wonderfully affected. So soon as 'Arry had concluded his account of the tragic affair, he requested Ryder to do him a favor.

"All right. Waiter, two more beers," sang out Ryder.

'Arry declared that was not what he meant, but since the beers were ordered, he would proceed to quench his thirst.

"What is the nature of this favor which you ask?" demanded Ryder.

"I want you," said 'Arry, with a kind of a double-shuffle sniffle, to break the news of poor Salliway's death to the bereaved widow. I just can't do hit. I know 'ow that poor woman dotes hon 'im, and can't tell 'er 'is body is in the bottom hof the San Antonio river."

The big-hearted Ryder cheerfully agreed to do this. All he asked was that 'Arry would show him the house. 'Arry pointed it out, and then gracefully excused himself, saying that he would step up to Justice Adams' office. Approaching the house designated by 'Arry, Mr. Ryder inquired of a gentleman on the gallery, who was in company with a lady, for Mrs. Salliway.

"This is Mrs. Salliway," said the gentleman, "and I am her brother."

The gentle Ryder then called the gentleman aside, and told him what had occurred, and begged him to break the news to Mrs. Salliway as gently as possible. Mr. Powers placed one long claw-like finger along his nose, and said:

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"This is bad business, but still it is a mighty good riddance. Say, sis, your husband has suicided."

To the astonishment of Ryder, Mrs. Salliway threw up her hands and clapped them loudly. Ryder was dumfounded.

"I'm glad he done it," said the jubilant woman, "and I only wish he had done it sooner."

Ryder began to fall back in disorder. Old man Powers then appeared on the scene, and the news was communicated to him. He grinned like a clown at a circus.

"I don't see how Salliway had the courage to do it," said the elder Powers, "but then 'all's well that ends well,' and it's a mighty good riddance of bad rubbish. You see, sir, he was a fly-up-the-creek, drank heavily, and never provided for his wife."

Just at this juncture old man Powers looked up, and perceived the supposed suicide dodging behind a tree.

"Why there's the blamed rascal now," he said.

Ryder looked up. The man trying to conceal 175 pounds of adipose tissue behind a four-year-old China tree was 'Arry. 'Arry and Salliway were one and the same person. Old man Powers made a wild break after the animated suicide, but failed to catch him. Then Ryder took a run after him, but failed to catch up. When asked what he would have done in case he had caught him, Ryder replied:

"O, I don't know. I couldn't strike a poor, spiritless fellow like him; and besides that, his family will give him his daily maul, anyhow."

The shock to poor Mrs. Salliway was a terrible one. Believing, as she did, that she had got rid of her husband, she was the happiest woman imaginable; but when she saw him, in the flesh, scampering off with her relatives and Ryder in swift pursuit, the dreadful truth that he had deceived her burst upon her, and with a wild shriek, she accused him of his perfidy in not drowning himself. When she realized that there was to be no inquest, no funeral, no habiliments of woe, she burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, in an agonized tone of voice that could be heard beyond the city limits:

"I could have forgiven him everything but that. Oh, Salliway, why didn't you drown yourself?"

There are some scenes too sacred for comment, and hence we

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drop the curtain on the mental anguish not alone of Mrs. Salliway, but also of Ryder, who paid for Salliway's beer. His friends, however, endeavor to pour oil on his lacerated feelings by inquiring forty times a day, " Did you know Salliway?"

A SKILFUL FLATTERER.

Bob Van Slyck called on a Madison Avenue family, in which there are two old maiden sisters of about fifty years of age. Van Slyck is an old friend of the family and one of them being in a bantering mood said:

" Mr. Van Slyck, which of us do you think is the oldest?"

Van was in a dilemma. He did not like to hurt the feelings of either. He looked from one to the other and asked:

" You want me to say which of you two girls I think is the oldest?"

" Just so."

" Neither of you looks older than the other. Each one of you girls looks younger than the other."

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KNOX'S LETTER.

"CASTE" PLAYED WITH TWIN ECCLES.

THE actor with the frayed collar and the husky voice, who sat in the opposite seat in the smoking-car, reminded me of Jim Litmar, and thinking of Litmar brought up memories of his first appearance on the stage.

It was in '76. The Gobbleson Company were playing "Caste" in Columbus, Ohio. Jim Litmar had joined the company a week before. He was engaged to play My-Lord-the-carriage-waits sort of parts. Before this engagement he never had played except as an amateur in his native town, Akron, Ohio. He was, however, full of ambition, and had so much confidence in himself that it made him round-shouldered to carry it. After an hour's notice he would have played "Othello," without turning a hair or allowing a blush of shame to mantle his cheeks.

In the matter of practical jokes "the gang" are usually pretty severe on beginners. Litmar did not escape. One night, after he had been with the company about a week, a job was put on him that would have ended the career of any one with less gall than he had.

As I said, the play was "Caste." Old Dobbs played the part of Eccles. Dobbs was much given to indulgence in the rosy, and often was so mellow that it was with difficulty he could act. He played a star part that night, though—a regular hippodrome in one act and a tableau.

SCENE FIRST—*Green-room.* TIME—*Half an hour before rise of curtain. Characters dressing. Enter Binks, in great agitation, wringing his hands.*

BINKS—O, Lordy, boys, what's to be done? That blank-blanked fool Dodds is blazing full up at the saloon on the Square, and we have nobody who can take his part. We are a bust community.

SAM HANKS—Great Gosh!!

BOB COBURN—Holy smoke!!

JIM LITMAR (*Aside*). Now is me opportunity. This tide in

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me affairs I'll take at the flood. (*Aloud, advancing to centre and striking a Gaze-on-your-deliverer attitude.*) I—I gentleman, will take the part.

OMNES—You ! ! !

LITMAR—Yes. The part I know full well. Did I not play it when I was a member of the Akron Histrionic? See! (*taking out pocket-book.*) If you believe me not, gaze on those press notices.

BINKS—Saved ! !

OMNES—'Rah for Litmar!

BINKS—There is no time to be lost. I'll make you up as Old Eccles; but, first, go to the stage manager and tell him that Dodds is fullernagoose, and ask him if you can take his place. (*Exit* LITMAR.)

BINKS—S-s-sh, boys! Greatest joke of the age. Fixed it up with Dobbs and the stage manager. Dobbs isn't drunk; he is out in front with an ulster over his make-up, and ready to come on and frighten that tenderfoot out of a year's growth.

MISS B.—It's a shame to guy poor Litmar.

BINKS—It will be good for him; it will modify his breezy freshness.

MISS K.—You won't hurt him, will you Mr. Binks?

BINKS—O, no, I won't hurt him. But wait till you see me make him up as old Eccles. I'll give him such a dazzling make-up that it will blister the paint on the back seats in the family circle. Hus-s-sh! He comes.

(*Enter* LITMAR, *rubbing his hands, and smiling a large, double-width smile.*)

BINKS—Well?

LITMAR—I take the part; and, hark ye! To-night you will see an Eccles that will astonish you.

BINKS—(*Aside.*) So will you, begosh! (*Aloud.*) Come here; I'll tend to your make up.

(*Business, dressing Litmar.*)

LITMAR—(*Made up as Old Eccles.*) How do I strike you now?

BINKS— You're a dai—— (*Noise heard outside, banging doors and angry voices in passage.*)

BINKS—What ho! without, there! What means this tumult?

(*Door burst open—Dobbs rushes in—Large property pistol in*

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hand—Ladies shriek—Call-boy drops an armful of beer bottles and a profane expression.)

DOBBS—(*Glaring wildly around.*) Where is the blank blanked son of a gun that tried to steal my position? Told the manager I was drunk. Where is the scoundrel that says he is going to play my part—where is he, I say? Aha! (*Sees* LITMAR, *makes lunge at him, but is caught by* BINKS, *who struggles madly with him apparently trying to prevent him shooting* LITMAR.)

LADIES—O, Mr. Dobbs, please don't shoot.

LITMAR—(*Knees knocking together—hair trick-wig style.*) Ladies—gentlemen—will you see me ki—ki—killed?

DOBBS (*gritting his teeth*)—Lemme go—Lemme get at the villain!

LITMAR—Oh, m-m-m-m-my!

BINKS—Run you fool! Run like a turkey, or you'll be twanging a harp in five minutes.

OMNES—Run!—Scoot!!

(*Exit* Litmar *in wild disorder.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE SECOND—(*In the wings, five minutes later. Characters all waiting for rise of curtain.*)

(*Enter* LITMAR *with policeman.*)

LITMAR—(*Excitedly pointing to* DOBBS)—Arrest that man! He feloniously assaulted me, and would have killed me but for the protection of these gentleman.

BINKS—He would. Seize him, fearless myrmidon of the law, and incarcerate him in the deepest castle 'neath your donjon moat. Away with him! But soft! a word with you. (*Exit* DOBBS, *policeman and* BINKS.)

HANKS—Where found you the cop, brave Litmar?

LITMAR—In this garb I ran to Mike's soloon. There I found him.

HANKS—You did well.

LITMAR—You will say so when you have seen me play my part.

(*Enter* BINKS *wiping perspiration off brow.*)

BINKS—I had to help the policeman put him in irons. He is raving crazy; bloodthirsty drunk. Litmar, you had a narrow escape.

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STAGE MANAGER—Ready all?

BINKS—Litmar, you are nervous yet. I'll stand by you and give you the word to go on. (*aside*) Dobbs comes on center door. He has no idea that there'll be another Richmond in the field. Won't it be a circus when I send another Eccles on 3rd left entrance!

(*Cue for entrance of Eccles is heard.*)

DOBBS, *in character of Old Eccles, enters centre door, and comes down stage; at same moment,* LITMAR, *also in character of Eccles, prances on from 3rd left. They pause and glare at each other.*

TABLEAU.

It was immense. The audience, after a moment's bewilderment, yelled. Dobbs, when he recovered from his astonishment, threw back his right hand as if in search of a pistol, and Litmar, with a yell that shook the acorns off a profile oak, and knocked the stuffing out of a property goose, rushed off and never stopped in his wild stampede until he was locked in his room at the hotel.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

THE AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

DYKE Fortescue rambled into the office of the rural newspaper published in the interests of a small class of rural readers, and named *The Farmers' Friend and Cultivators' Champion.* Dyke was fresh from Denver, where he had been doing local work on a daily. He wanted a situation—he wanted it badly, and he soon closed a bargain with the proprietor of *The Farmers' Friend and Cultivators' Champion.* The proprietor intended to be absent for two weeks, and Dyke undertook to hold the journal's head steadily up stream until his return.

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"You will receive some visitors, quite likely," said the proprietor. "Entertain 'em. Entertain 'em in a manner which will reflect credit on the paper. They will want to talk stock, farming, horticulture, etc, you know. Give it to 'em strong."

Dyke bowed, borrowed a half dollar, got a clean shave, a glass of beer, and soon returned to face the music and edit the first agricultural journal with which he had ever been connected.

"I can feel that, with my journalistic experience, it will be just fun to run an agricultural paper," said Dyke to himself.

At two o'clock p. m. the first visitor showed up at the door of the office, and Dyke cordially invited him inside. The farmer entered hesitatingly, and remarked that he expected to meet the proprietor, with whom he had an appointment to discuss ensilage.

"I am in charge of the journal," said Dyke.

"O, you are. Well, you seem to have a pretty clean office here."

"Yes," replied Dyke. "But about this ensilage. Ensilage is a pretty good breed, isn't it?"

"Breed!" exclaimed the farmer, "why—"

"I mean its a sure crop; something that you can rely—"

"Crop! Why, it isn't a crop at all."

"Yes, yes, I know it isn't a crop," said Dyke, perspiring until his collar began to melt away down the back of his neck, "but you can do better and cleaner work with a good sharp ensilage on stubby ground than—"

"Take it for a sulky plow, do you?"

"No, no," said Dyke. "You don't seem to understand me. Now, if a farmer builds an ensilage on low ground—"

"Builds an ensilage! You seem to have got the thing mixed up with some kind of a granary."

"Pshaw, no," continued Dyke. "I must make myself plainer. You see this ensilage, properly mixed with one part guano, and three parts hypophosphate of antimony, with the addition of a little bran and tan bark, and the whole flavored with chloride of lime, makes a top-dressing for strawberry beds which—"

"Why, ensilage isn't no manure."

"No, certainly not," said Dyke. "I know it is not often used

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that way. You don't catch my drift. When I said top-dressing I meant turkey-dressing—stuffing, you know for Thanksgiving—"

"Great Heavens, man! Ensilage isn't a human food!"

"No, not a human food exactly," said poor Dyke, grinning like an almshouse idiot; "it isn't a food at all, in the true sense of the word. My plan has always been to lasso the hog with a trace chain and after pinning his ears back with a clothespin, put the ensilage into his nose with a pair of tweezers."

"My good lands! You don't use ensilage to ring hogs."

"I never believed myself that it should be used for that purpose, but when you want to ring hens, or young calves to keep them from sucking—"

The farmer gravely shook his head.

"Did you ever try ensilage on the hired girl?" said Dyke desperately, and winking like a bat at 11:30 a. m.

The farmer slowly arose, and with some evidence of rheumatic twinges in his legs.

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "you are a long ways from home, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Dyke, dropping his eyes beneath the stern glances of the farmer. "In my ancestral halls in England, sad-eyed retainers wearily watch and wait for my return."

"Go home, young man, go home to your feudal castle, and while on your way across the rolling deep, muse on the fact that ensilage is simply canned food for live stock—put up expressly for family use in a silo, which is nothing less than an air-tight pit where corn-stalks, grass, millet, clover, alfalfa and other green truck is preserved for winter use, as green and verdant as the sub-editor of *The Farmers' Friend and Cultivators' Champion.*"

And Dyke Fortescue sighed as he remarked to himself: "There ain't so blamed much fun in running an agricultural paper as I thought."

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"I thought you went to a temperance lecture, sir?"

"So—hic—so I did m'dear, but——hic—it was post——hic—boned don' ye know, an'—hic—I just tooker little supper wither—hic—lecturer. N'harm in that, is there?"

LETTERS OF THE PAST.

"DON'T you enjoy looking over old letters?" inquired a long-waisted, bilious-looking individual as he wiped thirty quires of copy paper, some clay pipes, a bottle of mucilage, and the cabinet photo of Lily Langtry off onto the brilliantly tiled floor inlaid with cigar stumps and grape skins, and sat down on the end of the desk.

"I do," hastily replied the "Topics of the Time" editor, wiping his mouth on a thin St. Louis exchange, and hiding a bag of peanuts and some oranges in a side-drawer. "There is nothing which interests me quite so much as watching and ruminating over a font of old, battered type, letters which have seen long and arduous service in the misty past, bruised and broken characters of speech——"

"Yes," interrupted the long-waisted individual, "but I was merely referring——"

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"And when you come to think of the vast range of possibilities that those same letters have accomplished in the past, the millions of different words which they have formed and are still capable of forming, it is really wonderful. Why, sir, to-day a handful of those same letters told a tale of bitterness and hatred, of passion and atrocious murder. To-morrow the self-same letters will speak of harmony, dove-eyed peace, and all that goes to make up the lives of the good, the pure, and the beautiful, and——"

"But the idea——"

"And the very next day the letters will be combined in other forms and will quote market reports and the price of Chicago lard——"

"But you see——"

"And anon all will be changed; the merry type will ring in gladsome song, trilling to the soft, voluptuous melody of the school-girl's poem; and again a change will come, and the types will be made to say hard things against the Republican party; the policy of the President; a sure test for oleomargarine; how to cure scab in sheep; or a description of the last freak of Mrs. Langtry and her dudelet. O, it just beats all, what these same old letters are capable of."

"But, my dear sir, I was speaking of missives."

"O, missives, eh? Articles that you hurl at people you don't like; deceased things that you contribute to bad actors; old, back-number cats, turnips, and cabbages of the vintage of '81. Well, they ain't in my line. You'll have to speak to the agricultural editor. He is out back of the office just now, analyzing a potato bug."

"But you seriously misapprehend my drift. Now there is a sweet and nameless pleasure, a melancholy ecstasy, in sorting over and reading the missives of the past, the mute old yellow letters which missed the oblivion of the waste-basket and have slowly accumulated as the months melted into years, and years into decades."

"Good! Encore! Encore!" ejaculated the "Topics of the Time" editor, as he hid two figs and a handful of pecan nuts under some exchanges; "there is a pathos about that which rasps the finer feelings."

"Among them," whined the long-waisted man, "can be found

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the last letters which you ever received from friends who have long since passed over to the great yet silently unanimous majority. Here are letters of condolence, letters of friendship, letters of congratulation, letters of impatience, of despair; love letters breathing of life-long devotion, and letters of life-long regret and remorse."

"Don't harrow me up so! You must know that the great public demands of me that I be cynical, morose, sour, and bitter as gall. Don't put me in a melting mood; it interferes with business."

"Armed with these letters we can sit, perchance, amid the ruins of a wasted life, uncheered by friends, unenvied by the jealous; and as we peruse the shifting scenes of the great drama of life, we see the smiling faces of bright, anticipating youth, and the careworn features of sad and world-wise age. We pass within the circles of the virtuous and listen to the laughter of the child born of a pure domestic love; and going from thence we enter the darkened circles of bacchanalian revelry—the orgies of those to whom the morn never dawns but with sorrow."

"And then, too, you know," interrupted the "Topics of the Times" editor, "you should mention the beautiful, rhythmical flow of the dun, the letter which falls on the heart like a weight, and crushes ambition and taketh the tuck and the pluck out of a man. O, the dun, the beautiful dun! I know 'em, I've learned 'em, I size up each one. What a thrill, what an ecstasy passeth through me, as, in my moments of glee, I gaze upon the dunning letter of my youth, written by some fellow, for instance, who indites short, sharp, and concise notes like this:

"'Sir—What kind of a picturesque beat are you? Ever going to pay that bill? You couldn't get credit of our house for a wisp of broomcorn if brooms were selling for ten cents a gross.'

"Ah, yes, it's the pathos of a dunning letter that breaks me all up into little shining, scintillating bits of illuminated woe. Ever get any of these dunning letters?"

But the long-waisted man was edging toward the door; he was beating a retreat; his hand was on the porcelain knob; he balanced on the threshold, swayed like the mountain pine in the face of the hurricane, and was gone. The "Topics of the Time" editor again brought out his small store of fruits and confectionery and deliberately proceeded to eat them.

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KNOX'S LETTER.

DEAR SWEET:

I see from some of your remarks in the last issue that the Texas Legislature is in session. I feel for you, as I picture to myself how badly you must feel when Col. Cheneworth meets you on the street and looks at the sky with a we-never-speak-as-we-pass-by expression on his bland countenance. You remember the Colonel was the member who felt so much hurt last year when we said something about a penitentiary lobby and undue influence, and poker playing and things. I expect the members of the legislature are keeping the town lively with their wild obtrusive Western unconventionality. If any of them object to anything you say in the paper, just tell them that I wrote it. I won't be back in Texas until the session has adjourned.

Look out for that little spike-haired member from one of the cow counties. I cannot remember his name; he was the one who in his speech on that memorable morning denounced TEXAS SIFTINGS as "a vile sheet." (By the way, haven't you noticed that whenever a man gets angry with a newspaper he always refers to it as some kind of "a sheet"—a "miserable sheet," "an unreliable sheet," or "the subsidized organ of a political clique.")

Yes, look out for that fellow; he is dangerous. If you say anything this time that he doesn't like he may go to extremes! He may come in and stop his paper.

Deal gently with all of them, and if one should visit the office and try to trample on the liberty of the press, don't kill him. Killing is not severe enough and, besides, it would involve you in expense, and put you to the trouble of proving an alibi; that you were temporarily insane; that you did it in self-defence, or that there was a flaw in the indictment. No, killing is not a severe enough punishment. Tell you what to do; introduce him to our political editor, Major O'Leary, and instruct the Major to read to him one of his column-and-a-half editorials on "the Tariff," and then get Holland of the *Farm and Ranch* to

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tell him what he knows about turnips, including the theory of his on the advisability of grafting the Early Rose on the Hard Shell variety. Such a fate as that is what those fellows deserve.

I presume you are still afflicted with visits from Tiff Johnson. In my mind's eye I see you with an incredulous glare in your eye listening to Tiff's enthusiastic description of how the Doc and he "shot thirty-five brace of quail yesterday in less'n three hours," and how they could have bagged twice as many if the Doc's gun hadn't got a hot box, or if the dog had or had not done something, or if the wind had been blowing in another direction, or if something or other had or had not happened; and then I see you, moved by Tiff's eloquence and mendacity, accepting his invitation to go out and commit havoc and desolation among the Del Valle quail on Friday next; and on Friday I see you in company with Tiff, a demijohn, the Doctor and a spotted setter dog, prowling all over the eastern end of Travis county, with mud in your boots, burs in your trousers, and a suspicion in your mind that Tiff has either been lying to you about the extent of his year's game crop, or that it is a blamed bad day for quail; and again I see you, after you have got home tired and jaded, and have said your prayers, and have gone to bed with blisters on your heels and a bruised place on your shoulder where the gun kicked you—I see you registering a vow that you will never again allow that agile tongue of Tiff Johnson's, with its seventy-five oscillations a minute, to seduce you into going gunning for quail.

Life in New York is very different from life in Texas. There is no wolf hunting, no jack rabbit coursing, no lynching or other amusements of that class; but I am reconciled to it, especally when I realize that I am about 2,000 miles away from Labatt, of Galveston, and that he cannot drop in on me in the morning when I am busy enticing remittances out of the early mail, and discharge those dreadful hand-made puns at me, or tell me that old story about Ashbel Smith and the man with the wooden leg. Yes, when I think of these things, I feel that, although, the thermometer is lower here than I would like it, and the fine for carrying a revolver is higher here than a Western man believes to be constitutional, yet I have much to be

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thankful for, and I intend to be thankful for it, even if I have to sit up at night to do it.

NEW YORK. KNOX.

P. S.—You envied me the skating and sleighing I'd have here, you said. This is the kind of skating weather we are enjoying now, but we look for a change soon.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

A SEASIDE EPISODE.

HE was sitting alone
On a mossy stone,
By the shore of a moonlit sea,
And his *ennui* air,
On that evening fair,
Woke curious thoughts in me.

Might he there alone
On that mossy stone,
By the shore of the moonlit tide,
With his *ennui* air,
On the boulder there,
Intend to suicide?

I gazed intently,
Approached him gently,
To find if I surely was right;
His marked despair,
His *negligé* air,
And the mud in his hair,
Proved the son-of-a-gun was tight.

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ETCHINGS FROM HIGH ART.

SOME CRITICISMS, WITH REPRODUCTIONS FROM ORIGINAL MASTERPIECES.

By a peculiar process, as strange, weird, and exciting as it is peculiar, we are enabled to present our readers with a few studies from some of the most magnificent paintings ever hung upon the walls of the Academy. They are life-like copies of the original masterpieces. If not as represented we will refund money at the door. All of them took first money. In No. 1 we have a figure piece from Leonardo da Vinci. Last night we fired a man out of the back door of the office, and pushed him head first into the fire-box of the engine. He wanted to know what it was, and we told him a figure piece, and he said: "Great snakes, but what a figure!"

No. 1.—MAD WIDOW OF THE WABASH.

Notice the delicate, gauze-like wings just sprouting out of the adipose tissue over her shoulder blades. Remark the poise of the head, the graceful line which swells in a curve of beauty over the full, rounded bust; the pensive attitude, the *embonpoint*, not a shade too less, nor a trifle too much, the *tournure*, the lump on the back of the neck, and her rear hair done up on a Piute arrow. If the study of this piece makes you tired, look for a few moments at the ornamental frame. Price of the original, with frame, $27; without frame, $2.25. The name of this painting is "Muriel, the Mad Widow of the Wabash."

No. 2 is an etching from one of Raphael's masterpieces, now in the Vatican at Rome. Parties visiting the Pope used to take it for a fly trap, and during the Renaissance they got a sign painter to put a label on it. It is a soulful symphony, and will probably remain so unless somebody tips it over. The tech-

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nique displayed is lively, warm, and expressive. There is about it a glow, a positive tint and a bobtail flush which illuminate the whole with a vivid, chromatic albification which excels in cosmorama, diorama, and panorama, and adds a deep, harmonious cast unexcelled outside of a real estate office. This picture has a plain frame—deep and massive, however—a frame that throws a dim, uncertain, in-the-gloaming light and shade on the warm tints of the picture.

No. 2.—A SOULFUL SYMPHONY.

No. 3 is from a Delirious Spasm in coal oil by Mr. M. Angelo. The gaudy, garish intenseness of No. 2 is avoided in this, and in its place we have a neutral shade, an achromaticism, a pallidity, an ètiolation, an achromatic, aplanatic, and rheumatic twinge, which has a gauzy and weird tenderness, that is the highest expression of art. The deer in the foreground may be observed through smoked glass, listening to the Daily Sun, set-

No. 3.—A DELIRIOUS SPASM.

No. 4.—DOUBLE-BARRELLED NOCTURNE.

ting behind the snow-capped, everlasting hills, while the spectator's eye will be refreshed with the deep shade of the gnarled oak that casts a shadow on the end of the deer in the middle distance. This gem is glued to a bronze frame that would be an ornament to any picture gallery.

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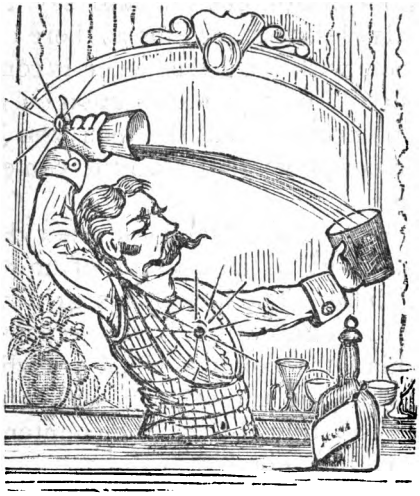
This is another figure piece, or rather a double-barrelled figure. It is a scene in the Alps, and represents a couple of Bostonians trying to save six bits by riding one mule. As will be seen by the setting sun, the piece is a nocturne, or phantom in cod-liver oil. The geometrical accuracy of the outlines of the pine tree in front of the mule cannot be too highly commended. There is a warmth and depth of expression in the mule's limbs that is quite extraordinary in the work of a young artist. We predict that this rising genius will become a celebrated animal painter. The frame is quite *en rapport* with the picture, and in itself is worth double the price of admission.



No. 5.—PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

This is a *genre* piece done in a hurry. It is a portrait of a gentleman—a very popular gentleman, and will be recognized by almost every one. The execution denotes considerable first class *finesse*, embodying a chaste, classical, and attic refinement seldom found outside of a dollar-a-day hotel. We regeet that we are unable to show the frame with this picture. It was too wide for the column, and had to be sawed off. There was considerable soul and *timbre* in it, however, and it was worthy of the picture. The original of the picture can be seen any day two times for a quarter.

LADIES used to be a great deal more polite than they are present. All the axes found at Pompeii are of light weight, evidently intended for the exclusive use of ladies. In these modern days, if a woman lights the fires and pulls off her husband's boots when he comes home tired, she imagines she has fulfilled her whole duty. When will we return to the good old customs of primitive days?

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

A MAN signing himself Washington Hinkley writes us a letter from Lebanon, Tennessee. He states in his letter that he enjoys poor health, and would like very much to come to Texas to build up his shattered constitution, as he has heard a great deal about the excellence of our balmy climate, but that he is deterred from coming on account of the lawlessness and crime. Now, we do not like to say anything that is unpleasant to a man who is in the enjoyment of poor health, but we must say, that while there is almost as much lawlessness in Texas as there is in Brooklyn, Texas cannot compete with Tennessee when it comes to insecurity of life and property. It is just affectation on the part of that Tennessee man to pretend that the man who has lived in that State for a number of years is afraid to come to Texas on account of lawlessness.

Not long since a drummer, who was detained for a few days in that very town of Lebanon, gave us an account of how he amused himself while he was there. The lock of his grip-sack needed repairs, and he took it to a gunsmith to have it repaired. The drummer was sitting behind the counter, when a leading citizen entered with a gun, which he threw down with great indignation. If the drummer had been before the counter he might have had the gun thrown down on him. But we anticipate:

"What do you mean by giving me this kind of gun when I go out for a little shooting?" demanded the leading citizen.

"Why, Colonel, that gun is the newest patent breech-loader," replied the gunsmith.

"Then, your powder is no account."

"Colonel, I loaded that gun myself, and I put in the best powder in the shop."

"Well, all I know is that I had to shoot twice at Maj. McPelter before he keeled over. That's the only time I've failed to bring my man down with the first barrel. I killed my brother-in-law, Judge Smith, and his nephew, Sam Randle, at one shot at seventy-five yards, and neither of 'em kicked, and only three days ago I dropped a book agent in his tracks,

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There must be something wrong about that gun. I feel keenly the disgrace of having to shoot twice at one man."

"I don't understand it," replied the gunmaker, meditatively, as he examined the weapon. "It is the same gun Bob White plugged the city marshal with last week, and Bob is not much of a shot. He hadn't shot anyone for six months before that, and was out of practice; but he fetched his man all the same."

"I don't think you put in enough powder. When I go to the inquest, which will be in half an hour," said the Colonel, looking at his watch, "I'll count the bullet holes in the Major's body. I am sure I hit him the first shot, but I think there wasn't powder enough in the gun to drive the bullets through his body."

"I wish you would count the bullet holes, because, you see, Colonel, you are known as a good shot, and it would look like a reflection on me and my guns. It is well calculated to injure me with my customers, who are the best people in town. I tell you what I wish you would do, Colonel. I wish you would give this gun another trial."

The Colonel rubbed his chin and replied:

"I would like to do it for my own satisfaction, but I can't remember just now of anybody having insulted me lately. I haven't got a living man to shoot. Major McPelter was the last one on the list. I wish somebody would dispute my word. Perhaps you feel offended by something I have said."

"O, no, Colonel; you are right about the gun," responded the gunsmith.

"I thought perhaps you found something personal in my remarks about the gun."

"Not a bit of it."

"Then perhaps you have some enemy who has been exasperating you. If so," said the Colonel, putting a cartridge in the gun, "I will try the gun before I go to the inquest."

The gunsmith pondered over the proposition, and finally said:

"I wish I hadn't shot the rival gunsmith over the way day before yesterday. He would have come in handy now, if he hadn't died, poor fellow, just when he did. I might insult Bill Tompkins and shoot him, but he gets his ammunition here, and always pays for it, so it don't look quite right to shoot him offhand."

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The two men were very much puzzled how to find a victim. They suggested several names, but there seemed to be some good reason why each and every one of them should not be sacrificed.

All at once the drummer saw the gunsmith wink at the Colonel, and point with his thumb behind the counter in his direction. Before the Colonel could catch on, the terrified drummer slid out through a side door, and made good his escape.

This is the story the drummer told us, and, from what we read in Tennessee papers about shooting scrapes, we believe every word of it. If our correspondent is spared to come to Texas, his life will be safer than it has been for a long time.

LENTEN INCIDENT.

VISITOR—"That's very pretty; but I thought you were at work on some animal study?"

ARTIST—"Oh, dear no. I wouldn't think of painting an animal during Lent, That would be shocking; but fish, that's a different thing, don't you know."

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SWEET'S LETTER.

NEW YORK CITY.

OPIE P. READ, ESQ.

DEAR OPIE: I am more than ever convinced that one house, no matter how large it may be, is only large enough for one family, even if the house is divided into flats or suites of apartments, as is the case here in New York. It is impossible, particularly in summer, to keep out the noise of fiddles, crying children, or the frenzied yells of the venders of berries, etc. The insidious aroma of the cooking sneaks in through the open windows, and makes you yearn for the solitude of Texas. Then again, as I intimated in my last letter, the other people living in the flat are apt to make it as disagreeable as possible. In other words, I want to go home to Texas. What are huckleberries and a metropolitan life if you are not happy? However, yesterday I did have some fun.

I believe I wrote you in my last letter that Mr. Solomon, who infests the flat below me, was very much turned inside out because I inadvertently baptized his Mosaic head with a watering-pot, while I was sprinkling an unfortunate prickly pear plant that I had brought from Texas with me. The prickly pear, owing to the smell of garlic from Mr. Solomon's kitchen, and other New York miasmatic influences, faded away, and looked as if it was not long for this world; so I sprinkled it, as a last resort, in order to save it. I am willing to swear on a pyramid of Bibles as high as Cheops that I didn't see Solomon when I baptized him with the watering-pot. He swore vengeance against me to the Janitor. I overheard him tell the Janitor that "a Chew, so long ash he pehaved himself like a shentleman, vash a tam sight petter, if not choost so goot, and perhaps worse, ash any newspaper schribbler from dot Texas." The Janitor subsequently told me that Solomon was planning some dreadful scheme of vengeance to wipe out the implied insult to his religion in my baptizing him.

The foregoing occurred several days ago, and now I must tell you what happened yesterday. Here in New York the people living in the second story, as I do, put their milk-pitchers down in the hall before retiring at night. The milkman has

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a duplicate key to the hall door, which he opens before daylight fills the pitcher, relocks the door, and goes on to the next house. We put our pitcher in the accustomed place night before last, which is quite close to the door of Solomon's elegant parlor. The colored cook went down to get the milk in the morning, but she soon returned with blanched face and protruding eyeballs. She said that Mr. Solomon had kicked over and broken our new fifty cent pitcher, and that fifteen cents' worth of milk was flooding the hall. Also that Mr. Solomon had shook his fist at her, and told her that if she puts that pitcher down there again he would have her arrested. Our colored cook—her name is Dinah—used to belong to a high-toned Virginia family, and has imbibed a great deal of the F. F. V. spirit. She says that she regards the language of the Israelites as "a consult." She says she "am gwine ter stan' on her indignity, and mop de yard wid his wife de very fust time I catches her alone in de yard."

I was not very much pleased with Mr. Solomon for shattering my milk-pitcher. His action did not elevate the Jewish race in my opinion. The only wonder was that he didn't drink the milk, before he shivered the pitcher. However, I did not say much, but I kept up the mischief of a thinking. My ancestral motto is: "I bide my time." Some of these days Solomon will find out what that means. We sent out for some more milk, and after breakfast, I lit a pipe, and began reading in the New York *Journal* about Cleveland's popularity with the working classes, when I was startled at hearing a succession of female wails from Solomon's parlor.

"What in the world can be the matter with the Solomons?" asked my wife.

"I expect they are celebrating the Destruction of Jerusalem."

"Nonsense!"

"Not a bit of it. All strictly orthodox Israelites celebrate the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. It is kept by fasting and prayer, it being to the Jews what Good Friday is to the Catholics. In strictly orthodox Jewish families, they wail penitential psalms all day long. We will probably have to listen to it until twelve o'clock to-night."

"Well, if they are celebrating the destruction of Jerusalem, I wish them a happy destruction, but I don't believe it is so,"

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replied my wife, who is somewhat put out by the destruction of the milk-pitcher.

"But I know better. This is no doubt the anniversary of the destruction of Solomon's Temple, and that's why the Solomon's destroyed our milk-pitcher, as a kind of a propitiation for my having baptized him with the watering-pot," I replied.

"I'll bet Solomon's Temple was insured for more than it was worth, and that Solomon set fire to it himself," remarked Alexander, junior, who, as he takes after his father, can't help being a very observing boy?

In the mean time, the wailing was still kept up. In fact it seemed as if several new voices had joined the chorus.

"Yes," I continued, smoking placidly, "Col. John C. French, a banker of San Antonio, Texas, travelled in Egypt and the Holy Land, and he was in Jerusalem on this very day. He told me that there is a wall in Jerusalem, a part of which is made up of some of the foundation stones of Solomon's Temple. On this very day, the Jewish pilgrims annually assemble around those rocks, read penitential litanies, and wail just as those Solomons down on the first flat are doing now. Col. French told me that it was the most touching sight he ever witnessed; that it made tears come to his eyes to see those venerable Jewish pilgrims, weeping and wailing as if their hearts would break, over the relics of the departed glory of their race.

"Ach mine Gott!" wailed Mrs. Solomon.

"There was something so weird and dismal in the despairing cry that was wafted up from below, that I jumped up, ran to the stairs, and looking over the banisters, perceived Mrs. Solomon standing in her parlor door, wringing her hands in despair, while real *bona-fide* tears were rolling down her cheeks and hanging from the end of her nose. On the hall floor were the broken fragments of my fifty cent milk pitcher, and the lake of spilled milk.

I saw in a moment what was the cause of her grief. I ran back into my room, and hurling myself on a sofa, laughed until my sides fairly ached, and then I laughed some more. I laughed until I cried. I shed more tears over the lamentations of Mrs. Solomon than I ever did over my own sins, if I have ever committed any. The rest of my family endeavored to get me to explain where the fun came in, but as soon as I undertook to

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explain, and heard a fresh wail from Mrs. Solomon, I had a fresh paroxysm, that prevented me from explaining myself coherently.

Why do you suppose Mrs. Solomon wept like Rachel and "refused to be comforted"?

Can't you guess? I'll explain. When Mr. Solomon broke my pitcher, and spilled several quarts of milk, about half of the fluid ran under his parlor door, and ruined half an acre, more or less, of his magnificent Brussels carpet, which cost him $300. The discolored place looked like a large colored, or rather discolored, map of the Promised Land, which was to flow with milk—Sweet's milk—and honey. Like the ancient children of Israel, the entire Solomon family stood on the borders of the Holy Land, and lifted up their voices and wept. If the Jews, at the wailing stone in Jerusalem, were more carried away by grief than the Solomon family, no wonder Col. French cried too.

After Mrs. Solomon had quit conversing about "Mine Gott!" Mine garpet!" she went for the nominal head of the family, and in spite of his efforts to keep her quiet, she told him what she thought of him for breaking my milk pitcher so close to her parlor door. It never occurred to him that the milk might run under the door, and that he, instead of I, would have to do the crying over the spilt milk. His namesake once made a very wise remark abont the fate of a man who digs a pit for others to fall into, but he forgot all about it in the excitement of the moment.

To make the ludicrousness of the situation utterly irresistible while the family fuss was in full blast in broken English, I heard the Hibernian accents of the Janitor, reminding the Solomons that it was against Rule five to disturb the peace and quiet of the other tenant, "Mr. Swate, the gintleman from Texas," on the flat above, and the profane reply of Solomon, announcing his intention of moving into a more respectable neighborhood.

I don't know, my dear Opie, that you will find anything amusing in my account of this sad affair, but if you had stood with me on the stairs and taken a bird's-eye view of that tragic scene on the border of the Holy Land, including the Mediterranean Sea of spilt milk in the hall, and the ship-wrecked

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pitcher, which had been dashed into fragments on its rocky coast, I know you would have enjoyed it. In fact, nobody, except the Solomons, could help enjoying it.

Solomon will not break that pitcher again, as I have made arrangements with the milkman to deliver the milk at a later hour. When I told him about the destruction of the pitcher, he expressed considerable sorrow, but I cheered him by quoting the proverb about the ultimate fate of the pitcher that goes to the well too often. He is evidently hurt by the remark, thinking the reference to the well was an allusion to his milk. He says he never put any well water, or any other kind of water, in his milk.

It is very singular that I can't say or do anything without punching a hole in somebody's feelings.

I wonder what will happen next.

Yours, in a flat,

ALEX E. SWEET.

MEHITABLE MOORE.

'TWAS years ago that it occurred, in a summer resort by the shore,
That a maiden, of whom you may have heard there was, named Mehitable Moore.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought than to frequent the candy store.

I was a child, and she was a child, not more than twenty-three,
And we loved with the love of a turtle-dove—'twould have made you sick to see—
A love that the dudes on the damp sea shore, coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago, as I played one night on the flute,
Her high-toned kinsman slipped around, and told me that I must scoot,
And raised me ere I had time to call on the toe of a twelve-inch boot.

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Yes, this was the reason (as all men know in that summer resort,
by the shore),
Yet, the old man said 'twas the dollars and dimes of the dad of
Mehitable Moore
That I was after, and, therefore, he had just bounced me upon
that score.

Now the moon never climbs but I think of the times
That I had with Mehitable Moore,
And the stars never wink without making me think
Of the old man's gold galore;
So all of the night and part of the day,
I dream of my loss as I very well may,
Of the daisy Mehitable Moore,
In the summer resort by the shore.

BLASTED HOPES.

Blasted by SAPOLIO ST. MAUR.

In the gloaming, in the twilight,
Near the brook beside the glen;
Just as eve succeeds to daylight,
'Tis the sweetest hour then.
I'll meet thee; Oh, I'll meet thee,
As we've often met before,
And with love's fond rapture, greet thee,
Sapolio St. Maur.

So I sang the dream now broken,
By that brook beside the glen—
He resides now in Hoboken,
But he didn't live there then—
In my mind I see thee only,
As I saw and did adore
Thy faultless form and figure,
Sapolio St. Maur.

Oft he waited for my coming,
Oft he kissed me o'er and o'er;
I these kisses fondly treasured
For the thoughts of love they bore;
And he intimated that he
Had of golden coin, galore.

But it made me quite tired to find out that only a drummer for a steam laundry was that son of a gun,
Sapolio St. Maur!

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BORN AND RAISED IN MOBILE.

It was a bright Sunday morning. It would not have made any difference in the extraordinary proceedings hereinafter related if it had been a gloomy and damp Sunday morning; but this is a Sunday-school story, and the Sunday mornings in all Sunday-school literature are bright.

Street car No. 6, that runs up Austin Avenue, was behind time. Probably the train dispatcher on that line had struck, or possibly the old mule was indisposed. He was of the sooner breed of mules—would sooner stop at a crossing than pull the car up a hill. The car driver was a new one. In this respect he differed from the mule. He was very companionable (we refer to the driver) and sociable, and he liked to talk to the passengers whenever the arduous duty of prodding the mule to keep him going would allow.

The car was filled with bright, happy faces, all save one, and that face was the property of a seedy, melancholy man, who sat in a corner of the car. He had failed to deposit his fare in the box. His attention was called to the fact by the driver, whereat the melancholy man wept bitterly. Upon this, the driver slowed up his mule, which, observing a favorable chance for rest, immediately stopped on a dead center.

"Would you like to know why I don't put a nickel in the box?" inquired the melancholy man, wiping his red eyes on his coat sleeve.

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"Well, yes," answered the driver; "I'm a little curious on the subject."

"Alas! I haven't got the nickel," replied the stranger, sadly.

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to get off and walk," said the driver.

"Walk!" echoed the seedy man, bitterly. "I have already walked clear from Mobile, Alabama, and I am footsore and weary."

The car driver had by this time pushed his way inside and sat down by the stranger. The mule relapsed into a peaceful slumber.

"From Mobile?" inquired the driver, earnestly. "Why, that's my old stamping ground; born and raised there."

"The same with me," said the impecunious stranger, brightening up.

"Did you know the Smileys?" said the car driver.

"Did I? Didn't I? Don't I wish now that I had as many nickels as I know the Smileys. You should have your fare right on the nail, Cap."

"Don't mention it," said the driver, soothingly. "You needn't pay no fare on my car. You can just sit and ride here all day, if you like. Born and raised in Mobile! Well, by gosh!"

"Say!" interjected a fat, red-faced passenger, "are you going to let this car stand here all day?"

The driver paid no attention to this remark, but continued his attentions to the melancholy man from Mobile. The mule dropped its head and continued to sleep.

"So you really knew the Smileys—Bob, and Jim, and Cornelius, and the balance of 'em! Well, well, don't that beat all! You must have know'd Wes Brutus, too?"

"Well, I should slightly insinuate that I did. Wes and I were schoolmates before the war."

"Come, come, driver," broke in another party. "Start up your go-cart. We can't fool away our time in this manner."

"So you was really born and raised in Mobile!" said the driver, casting a withering look at the last impatient speaker.

"I want my nickel back, or I want this car started," said another excited individual with auburn hair.

"Easy, old man; easy does it," said the driver; "don't get a hot box, but take the thing cool. This man here was born and

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raised in Mobile, same place as I first saw daylight, and it does my soul good to converse with him."

"But, damit," said the auburn-haired man, "I want to go to church; I'll be late if you don't hurry up, and I'll miss my gospel privileges."

"Yes, and by thunder! I sing in the choir," said a young man. "You'd better jog along."

The driver turned to his new-found friend, and took his hand:

"Pardner," he said, "put it there for old times. Don't mind these 'ere people; I see 'em every day, but I don't believe a blessed one of 'em was ever born and raised in Mobile, like us two."

"Well, I'm dashed if I don't drive this car myself," said the auburn-haired man, starting for the door. The passengers all cheered him.

"Don't you agitate that mule; don't touch those lines," said the driver, scowling darkly. "The world wasn't made in a minute, and we have got all day before us."

"Please, mister driver," pleaded a young lady; "I'm in a hurry to get home with some medicine for my sick mother."

"We'll go directly, sis; but you can't imagine what a thing it is to meet with a chap hailing from your own native town; born and raised in Mobile, too." And the driver again wrung the stranger's hand.

"Yes, I fit all through the war in the Twenty-ninth Alabama," said the stranger.

"No! Why, great chain shot! I was in that regiment—don't pester them lines, boss." This last remark was directed toward an excited passenger who was trying to reach the rope reins out of the front window.

"What company?" inquired the seedy man.

"Company B, first battalion."

"I was in Company C. Well, the Lord bless us; but don't it just seem as if that little nickel transaction was bringing us closter and closter. That learns us not to despise at the day of small things; don't it?"

"If you prod that mule with your umbrella I'll pitch you off the car!" said the driver, vigorously, to a young man with a bloodthirsty appearance, and who looked very much as though

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he might be prevailed upon to assassinate the mule, driver, and half the passengers.

"O, dear!" said an old lady. "I know we won't have any dinner at our house to-day. It will be too late to bile the chicken when I get home."

"Lord, fellows," said the driver, turning to the passengers, "it would have done your hearts good to have seen the old Twenty-ninth Alabama make the Yankees scoot at Fredericksburg! Me and this man was in the Twenty-ninth, and we was both born and raised in Mobile. Pardner, we'll shake once more."

"Shake it is," said the other, as he warmly grasped both the hands of the driver.

"You never heard what became of Wes Brutus?" inquired the driver.

"No; I expect he's sloshing around, though. Wes was a bully boy."

"Well, now, pardner, your just dead to rights; he was for a fact—ah! you folks are going to try Foot & Walker's line, are you? That's right; that's correct. The mule's tired; it's Sunday, and a day of rest, anyway, and your getting out and pushing along ahead will leave the whole car to me and my friend what was born and raised in Mobile. I've got some mighty private conversation to hold with him, and if you meet any of them down cars up the track, just tell 'em I'll be along directly. Morning to you all, ladies and gents; and if you kinder hurry up, you may reach church in time for the collection. Pardner, shake again for old times. Born and raised in Mobile! Well, darn my skin!"

BUD WHIPPLE TELLS A STORY.

"NEVER told you, gentlemen, about my little Mexican episode at Vera Cruz, in 1881, did I?" inquired Bud Whipple, as he threw his long legs over the table and lighted a fresh cheroot.

"No," chimed in at least five voices of the party of eight, and then those who had been tilting backward resumed perpendicular positions, while those who had been reaching over toward

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some long-necked bottles and cigar-boxes assumed the nonchalant attitude of Bud.

"I went over on a schooner," explained Bud, "with Capt. Wicks, a fine fellow on land, and a talented tar on water. We arrived before the ancient walled city of Vera Cruz at six o'clock in the evening. The vesper bells were ringing. You know they ring these bells in mellow old England, but never having visited mellow old England, I have been obliged to content myself with mellow old Englishmen, and right lively chaps I've found 'em.

"Well, as I said, the vesper bells were ringing, and I never want to hear 'em again. The filing of a set of gang saws is melodious music beside it. We went ashore, and after presenting our passports, our baggage was examined. Then the old Hidalgo who officiated as port captain said:

"'*Dos pesos*,' and I said 'certainly,' that the relations of America with Mexico were on a most friendly basis, and that I would throw all of my powerful influence over toward the Secretary of the United States to preserve the same happy and ecstatic harmony.

"'*Dos pesos, bueno*,' interrupted the port captain, trying to push his majestic ears over the top of his head with his elbows, and adding:

"'*No! Cuarenta cinquo pesos.*'

"A greasy interpreter near by soon gave us to understand that by the payment of two dollars we would be allowed to go up into the city, but that if we in any way overlooked the matter, we would be fined forty-five dollars and thrown into a bastille. Here was a magnificent chance to make forty-three dollars by promptness, celerity, and dispatch; and Capt. Wicks and myself quickly availed ourselves of the golden opportunity. It is a big thing to find yourself in a free country, and for the first time we realized our privileges.

"Having at last disentangled ourselves from the contaminating influences of the port captain and his band of piratical body-snatchers, we concluded to ramble around town awhile before supper. I wanted to get a box of liver pills, as the climate of Vera Cruz is slightly tinctured with malaria at all seasons of the year, and I was anxious to carry home as good a liver as I had with me when I left the white settlements. We found a drug store with little difficulty, and upon going in, the first

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object which attracted our attention, aside from the distinct odor of nineteen thousand different smells, was the appearance of the drug clerk. He was a long-necked young man, with resplendently oiled hair, and eyes like a docile gazelle's.

"'How am I to make this Mexican heathen understand what I want?' I asked Captain Wicks, 'and, by the way, what a telegraph pole of a neck he has got on him. Looks like a giraffe.'

"'Or a swan,' suggested Wicks.

"'See how he is greased,' I observed, 'just as though he was ready to be swallowed by an anaconda.'

"'He does, that,' said Wicks, 'and what a magnificent sign he makes for an apothecary shop.'

"'What a champion he would make to run a sausage stuffer,' I continued; 'but how am I going to get the pills?'

"'Ask for *pildores*,' said Wicks; 'that's Spanish for pills.'

"I knew that *hombre* meant man, so I waltzed right up to him, and said:

"'*Hombre pildores!*'"

"'All right!' said that blessed drug clerk, 'what kind will you have: Ayer's, Jayne's, Brown's liver pills, compound cathartic, or Tutt's great and only liver pills on earth. We have them all, and you can sample them if you like; and if I ever get you off by yourself, you tallow-faced, knock-kneed galoot from the United States, I'll hammer more good manners into you in five minutes than you have acquired in all the rest of your previous life. I know what kind of pills you need,' he howled, being thoroughly aroused, and before I knew what he was going to do, he flourished a revolver over his head.

"He was mistaken, however, as to that being the kind of pill I wanted, so we strolled out so rapidly, in order to prevent his forcing his wares on us, that you might have played checkers on our coat-tails."

An Eastern lady has written a book with the charming title of "Snakes." It is not known whether she derived inspiration from visits to the dime museum or in the contemplation of her husband's boots.

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DECEMBER AND MAY.

DEAF OLD GENTLEMAN: "The price is thirty-five cents a yard, Miss."
YOUNG LADY: "O, you are just too dear for anything!"
"Say that again, please, Miss."
"O, you are just too dear for anything!"
"I am, am I? Then I'll let you have it for twenty-five cents."

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KNOX'S LETTER.

DEAR SWEET:

I have just arrived in New York from my hurried visit to Texas. My mind is chaos, and my intellect totters on its throne (I don't known what the throne of an intellect is, but all intellects like mine, that we read of in books, have thrones),—mine totters as I have said. The cause of this phenomenon is that I have been for four days and nights limited to the narrow confines of a sleeping-car, and forced to associate during all that time with Major Tom Helm, who, unfortunately, was going East at the same time that I was. One day in a sleeping car is interesting, but four days become tiresome.

The first day one is amused studying the faces of the passengers, getting acquainted with some of them, and finding out all about their business or guessing at it. In every through sleeper there are to be found some representatives of certain types of travellers. There is, for instance, the lady who is going off without an escort, and whose sisters, cousins and aunts come to the depot to see her off. She seems to kiss everybody on the platform, and then she kisses all of them over again in the car before it starts, assures each one of them that she will certainly not forget to write, and waves her handkerchief out of the window until the depot and her friends are left a mile and a half behind.

There are the three drummers who sit all day in the smoking-room at the end of the car telling each other about the amount of goods they sold last month, lying about the enormous volume of business that their respective houses are doing, swapping personal reminiscences regarding brother drummers, drinking out of a bottle that the hardware drummer carries in his satchel, and telling stories unfit for publication.

There is the man (you know him, of course, he is always there,) who sits and smokes on the marble-topped washstand in the dressing-room, with his coat-tails on the soap and his legs always in your way when you want to reach the ice-water tank.

There is the lady who has a parrot or a canary in a cage, and

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who keeps the porter busy bringing lumps of sugar, crackers, water, etc., for her pet. She talks baby talk to the bird, and she usually has a careworn husband older than herself who seems to prefer the society of the drummers in the smoking-room to that of his spouse and her miserable pet.

Then there is the talkative man who swaps newspapers with the other passengers, and in two hours gets acquainted with every one in the car, and tells them all about his business and family affairs, and tries to impress all around him with the magnitude of the fact that he is on his way to "Urup."

These people one finds in every sleeper. I found them all as usual in the car I travelled in. There were other people there of course, excellent people, pleasant travelling companions (almost every one of them carried a bottle), but there was one scoundrel that I cannot refrain from mentioning. I want you to hold him up before the public so that the finger of scorn and derision may be pointed at him. You know him well. You meet him every day. There is a whole family of him, and like the poor, they are with us always. I refer to the man who takes your arm and leads you into an alley, among broken bottles and old oyster cans, that he may privately impart to you an entirely new joke, of his own or a friend's construction, that he thinks would be an excellent thing for SIFTINGS, and boom its circulation way up, and then, in his cold-blooded way, paralyzes you by telling you an atrocious old joke that you wrote and published yourself a year ago.

This fiend was aboard, and when he learned that I was connected with SIFTINGS, he pursued me relentlessly. First, he told me that imaginary interview between the cowboy and the ticket clerk, that either you or I wrote several months ago. He said he was present when the cowboy was talking to the ticket clerk. Then he left me and went into the smoking-car, so that I would have time to write it out. When he came back he gave me one that he considered entirely fresh. I think it was dug up at Pompeii some fifty years ago and wasn't in a good state of preservation even then. It is the one about the man who dreamed that he ordered hot water and whiskey, and when he woke up before they could get the hot water ready, was sorry that he hadn't taken the whiskey straight.

The worst of this retailer of second-hand jests was that he

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expected me to convulse myself with laughter. I saw that if I hadn't laughed he would have felt hurt. So when he gave me that ob*knox*ious pun on my name—you know there are only forty-two puns can be made on your name and mine, and this was one of the worst of them, and a pun like that almost knox the breath out of me—when he threw that pun at me I threw the window up (I did the same with my lunch) and laughed in such a wild hysterical manner that I could see the cows up in the northeastern end of the Indian Territory trembling in their tracks, and then the man left me. The only thing that prevented me becoming a raving maniac under these distressing surroundings, was a charming little sweetheart that I met on the train, a bright-eyed rosy-cheeked little one of seven years of age, to whom all jokes were fresh and all of life rose-tinted. How pleasant it is to turn from the scheming and lying of men and the affectation and falsity of women—*some* men and *some* women, I mean—to the candor, the ingenuousness and the trusting faith of a child. Bessie Brown was the sunshine of my trip, and she sent my thoughts to my own little curly heads, three thousand long miles across the seas. God bless the little ones; they are the sunbeams in our clouded lives. Without them life would be dull and gray. KNOX.

A TEMPERANCE PROSELYTE.

THE internal economy of Old Shep was run upon the principle of twenty-five full-grown drinks of whiskey and a frugal lunch per diem. It was a long while since he had been recognized by the community of Horsehead, Nebraska, as Mr. Thomas Sheppard—so long that he might have been safely addressed as Old Shep, *vice* Thomas Sheppard, resigned.

The profession of Old Shep was originally that of a house and sign painter; but he had long since abandoned the ornamentation of signs and houses, and devoted his undivided attention to painting his nose, until that ample feature far more resembled a Chinese lantern at a lawn party than a plain, unvarnished olfactory utensil.

The temperance element of Horsehead wanted Old Sheppard. They wanted him as a dark and lurid example—something tan-

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gible, something which they could shake at the liquor interest like a red flag at a bull fight, and say:

"Here is a rock-ribbed, stub-and-twist, hairy old proselyte; here's an illuminated chromo snatched from the fires of death, a man with a stomach like a copper wash-boiler and honeycombed with *mania a potu.* This is our work. Look at him. Look at him as he steps forth into refined and cultured society, purified and regenerated by generous decoctions of ice-water and circus lemonade!"

So it was resolved by the Good Templars of Horsehead in open lodge to corral Old Shep and initiate him into the mystery of running full time on *aqua pura*, Jersey milk and fifty cent tea. A committee of three young men and two big girls was appointed to interview Old Shep in a lucid interval, and after waiting three weeks the coveted opportunity arrived. The committee cornered him in the post-office, and asked him to become a shining light in the lodge room, and do other and miscellaneous things for the good of the order.

Old Shep was very polite and respectful to this bevy of red-cheeked maidens and temperance dudes, and, indeed, timorous, as he had but quite recently shyly emerged from a two weeks' jamboree, and was just a little flurried in his head piece and shaky on his pins. A certain night was appointed, and Old Shep declared that he would show up at the specified hour with a clean shave and a laundered shirt.

But he didn't.

His failure to connect with the expectant members of the Independent Order of Good Templars was owing to the fact that he was cruelly, bitterly drunk—too drunk to go upstairs.

"Where is Mr. Sheppard?" inquired the Worthy Chief, in a tone which plainly indicated that he knew well enough where he was, but didn't want to give it away.

"He's downstairs fuller 'n a goose," piped a juvenile member of the fraternity.

"Can't come up stairs, eh?"

"Naw, an' there ain't no freight elevator in the buildin'."

So the good temperance people were obliged to give him up that evening, and another appointment was made. Old Shep was very penitent and sorrowful, and inclined to swear at his eyes and his appetite and his misfit luck, and also expressed an

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ardent desire to whip the individual who would assert his inability to keep his word and attend the next meeting.

But the very next convention found Old Shep curled up on a buffalo robe in one corner of "The Joint," a disreputable place where no member of the Good Templars cared to penetrate, and they were again obliged to let him slide.

Another meeting was appointed, another promise extorted from Old Shep, and again he failed them. Time and again did they agree to meet him on the level floor of the lodge room, but Old Shep could never get further than the foot of the stairs, where, clinging to the newel post at the end of the banisters, he would listen to that popular temperance ode, "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," and then Old Shep, with a swizzled intuition, would darkly imagine that the singers were alluding to his calcium nose, and steal suddenly and unsteadily away to some dive which he could crawl down into without going upstairs.

So far Old Shep was never sober long enough to initiate into the Order of Good Templars, The faint, fluttering hope that he might ever be had nearly died out in the breast of the members. But one evening the word was wafted into the lodge room from outside, that Old Shep was sober. A committee was hastily organized and sent down stairs to interview the bearer of the joyful tidings. He was found at the foot of the stairs where Old Shep was wont to linger.

"Do we understand that Mr. Sheppard is sober?" inquired the bland chairman of the committee.

"Perfectly," was the reply of the messenger.

"Where is he?"

"Up in his room at his lodging house."

"Do you suppose we could see him?"

"O, yes."

It was decided to once more go in search of Old Shep, and the man who had conveyed the intelligence led the way with a lantern, for the night was wild and murky. Arrived at the boarding house, the committee halted, and again interrogated the messenger.

"Do you think he will make any objection to going with us?" was inquired.

"Not the slightest."

"Is he calm and tranquil, or nervous and irritable?"

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"Calm and tranquil."

"Then we will be sure to make an impression."

The messenger said nothing, but again turned and led the way. The committee followed. The door was softly opened and they filed into the room. A coarse, red-faced man was at one end of the room by the bureau looking very grave. On the narrow, single bedstead, with closed eyes and a marble face, Old Shep lay—dead.

His last attempt had been successful. Old Shep had climbed the stairs and gained the Lodge Room.

OPTICAL DELUSION.

A gentleman who undertook to raise fine imported fowls, without understanding the business, lost so much money that when he looks at his chickens they appear as in the above cut.

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THE WAITER'S TRAGEDY.

It was a dreary winter's day—cold, and raw, and wet—such a day as you would naturally expect in New York in November. I was in sympathy with the weather—ill-tempered, cranky, and miserable—for I had lost heavily on 'Change that morning. I passed a restaurant on Broadway, and it occurred to me that a steak, tender and juicy, would to some extent soothe my wounded spirit; so I kicked a little bootblack out of my way, boxed the ears of a newspaper boy who yelled: "E—cho-o-o!" at me, and entered the hostelry. It was a large, handsome room, well furnished with mahogany, plate glass, etc. The guests were especially numerous, and the waiters were very busy. I seated myself, and a man with a black-lustre eye and a far-away expresssion, came up to the table and quietly waited for my order.

"Sirloin steak, rare; potatoes; Brussels sprouts."

Silently he went, nor long remained away. In a few minutes he returned, bearing—chops (overdone), tomatoes, and Vienna bread! I gazed at the assortment of viands I didn't want, and then I gazed at the waiter. He was evidently several centuries away.

"What in thunder is this?" I inquired.

He awoke.

"Beg pardon, sir; lunch, sir. Chops, sir; tomatoes, sir; bread, sir."

In tones of fearful coolness, I replied:

"Just you take those straight back, and bring me what I ordered. Hear?" and I repeated my order.

The man looked at me with a troubled air, as if he wanted to speak, but couldn't. He removed the dishes and departed. Presently he returned with another porcelain tower. Steak—good. Cauliflower—what? No potatoes!—oh! come now, this is too, too much. You infernally stupid—never mind! Send the landlord here at once."

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Again the waiter looked at me as if about to speak. He hesitated. And then he went for the proprietor. Harassed and worried as I had been all day, you may be sure that my accusation of the blundering waiter was not of the mildest. I declared he had made me miss an appointment, the missing of which would cost me thousands—a statement devoid of even a grain of truth. Finally, I intimated that I would never enter the miserable den—meaning the restaurant—again, and I bounced out without paying a cent.

I had forgotten all about the matter when, as I was crossing Canal Street late two evenings afterwards, I observed a wretched looking creature shuffling along. It was my stupid waiter of the day before! But how changed. The beautiful white tie and spotless shirt-front were gone; the neat swallow-tail was replaced by an old, threadbare overcoat; the trousers were fringed at the ends; the boots were broken, and the only good thing he had on was his hat. I stopped him, and inquired what had brought him into such a wretched condition. He looked up with a puzzled expression; then he recognized me, and, while the tears started to his eyes, he answered simply:

"You did."

Is the man crazy? I thought, as I watched the twitching mouth and nervous movement of the hands.

"My good man," I said, "how on earth could *I* have anything to do with your misfortunes, whatever they may be?"

"Ah, sir," he replied, "you don't know what employers are. You remember the mistakes I made in bringing you your lunch day before yesterday?"

"I do; and most inexcusable they were."

"Inexcusable!" he repeated, with a ring of bitterness in his tone. "Inexcusable! Aye—everything is inexcusable in the poor. Well, now, sir, let me tell you a short story, and then you can say whether I am 'inexcusable' or not. Six months ago I held a position of trust in a large firm, and was well paid. My eyesight began gradually to fail, until I became unable to do the fine work necessary. That was 'inexcusable' of course, and so I had to leave at a week's notice. The chronic illness of my wife had prevented me from saving any money, and so I was destitute. At length I obtained the position of waiter in the restaurant where you found me. I was badly paid and hard-

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worked, but I was satisfied, because it gave me bread for myself and my wife. But she had been growing worse of late, suffering even more than usual, and I knew she wouldn't last long. And the day you came in, sir,"—here his voice faltered little—" the day you came in, I had left her almost at her last—suffering terrible agony—and I feared that when I got home she would be dead. So my thoughts were with my poor girl at home—my poor little girl that's gone now—when I took your order. Yes, sir, when I got home at last I found her lying still. I thought she was asleep, but when I pressed her lips I knew they were the lips of the dead." And the ex-waiter gave a sob —just one—that seemed to tear his very heart.

I walked home with him in silence—he had been going around all day trying to raise enough to save his Mary from a pauper's grave—and as we went, I thought how little consideration we have for others, and especially for those who serve us. I thought how many bright young lives had been ruined by the thoughtless petulance of a mistress to her maids, of a merchant to his clerks. And as I thought, I seemed to hear the voice of One of old, who said: " Love ye one another."

We arrived at the waiter's poor lodging in the purlieus of the Five Points. We went upstairs and entered the room. A still form, covered with a sheet, lay upon the bed. The waiter went on tiptoe, as though he feared to wake her. He gently drew down the sheet and exposed the marble face, wreathed in hair of golden brown. She must have been beautiful in life.

" My little girl," he whispered, and then he sank upon his knees, laid his cheek beside that of his dead love, closed his eyes, and said no more.

I crept from the room and left them together.

I did what I could for the poor fellow. I saw that his wife was properly buried, and for this he was grateful. But nothing could rouse him; his heart was broken, and when, a week later, I read in a morning paper that his body had been fished out of the river, I was hardly surprised, but I was deeply pained. These sad circumstances made an impression that will never fade from my mind, and they have taught me a lesson that has ever since been with me—the lesson that

> " Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as by want of heart."

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KNOX'S LETTER.

NEW YORK.

DEAR SWEET:

I have several times begun a letter to you this week, but have been as often interrupted. I used to think that I was bored a good deal in Texas, but that was nothing to what I suffer here. You know how I was given to use language when Tiff Johnson would come in—while I was writing an analytic article on some such subject as "Cold Slaw As A Factor In European Politics"—and interrupt me to tell a mendacious yarn about the number of shad and pickled salmon he caught in Onion Creek the day before; and there was Dr. Brown, the sheep man, with his hospitable invitations to go out to his ranch on a wolf hunt; and then Major Dick Cuuningham, with his stories about Jim Trainor, and Veck of Fort Concho, and Andy Gaegan—good stories too; and Colonel Phil. Claiborne with his before-the-war reminiscences. He always stayed two hours and never asked us out to take something. Then the pressman would come on, L. U. E., with disaster depicted on his ink-stained face to tell how the suction valve or the bass string of the printing press had jumped the track. And as soon as I had comforted him, the foreman would interrupt me with the harrowing tidings that some patent liver pill advertisement had been inserted upside down, and sixty or seventy thousand copies printed before the error was discovered; and Mrs. Hubby would approach with her autumnal request that we advocate the passage by the legislature of a bill for the payment of old school-vouchers. That is the way it was in our Austin office, but that was as nothing to what I have to endure in this office.

The first thing I usually find when I reach the office in the morning, is a Texan camped there. He came in on the train the night before. He does not know many people in New York, but he knows that SIFTINGS has an office here, and he calls. Sometimes he is an old man, sometimes he is a youth, but his consuming desire is to be introduced to some one who will show him the under-the-gaslight sights of New York. The

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first week I hired a hardened and incurable inebriate to go around with my Texan friends. (I never go out after dark: I am quite timid in the dark.) After he had shown five of them the sights, he resigned; he said the pace of a Texan seeing life in New York was "too steep" for him. Please inform our Texas subscribers, that the amount that they pay in advance for the paper does not justify us in keeping a wicked man to go on a toot with them when they come to New York.

When I began this letter I intended giving you a description

of the people who call on me and interrupt me when I am busy, but I have been interrupted so much since I began that I cannot write all that I intended in time for the afternoon mail. In next letter I shall tell you about the punning artist, the poet, the man who can sell me paper cheaper than any one else, and others who visit me with a frequency that makes me wish for death—to them. I have been kept so busy with them to-day that I have not had time to eat my lunch, but I shall go and encompass it now.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

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ROUGH ON COUNTRY FOLKS.

COUNTRY CUSTOMER:—"I say, waiter, you don't call these buckwheat cakes done up in country style, do you?"

WAITER:—"Yes, sir; I do."

CUSTOMER:—"But, man alive! they are not raised properly."

WAITER:—"I know the cakes are not raised properly. That's why we claim they are done up in country style. You are from the country, and you are not raised properly, either, or you would not be growling about your victuals. Nothing is raised properly in the country."

CUSTOMER:—"You can take the cakes."

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POWERFUL LIKE IT.

"SEE heah, Uncle Mose," said Jake Snow; "w'at yer doin' wid dat ar jug? I fought you'd cum out fer temp'rence."

"Dat's so, chile, Ize fer temp'rence all de time. I tells you dis heah drinkin's de ruin ob de communerty."

"Den w'at yer doin' wid dat ar jug?"

"Huh! Dat jug. Dat's med'cin."

"Pears ter me hit do smell pow'ful like w'isky."

"Dat's so, chile, but dat's cause you hain't eddicated. De ign'rence ob dis worl' am distressin'. Doan you know dat Ize been talkin' temp'rence 'round dis heah town?"

"Ob corse. W'at dat got to do wid de jug?"

"Doan you know dat de consisten' temperence man doan han'le no w'isky?"

"Ob corse."

"Well, now, see heah. Ize temp'rence, but Ize got a pow'ful rumatiz w'at ain't. I argies agin de drinkin' ob licker, and won't han'le no w'isky, but dat ar rumatiz stans right up fur stim'lants. So I goes to de Doctah, and tells him I wants a discription fur med'cin', but Ize temp'rence.

"'W'at de bes' med'cin' fur yer rumatiz?' sez he."

"'Ole rye am bettah dan B'urbon,' sez I."

"Den he rite out de discription:

"'1 gal. O. R. p. d. q.'

"You see dat's Latin, an' you doan unnerstan' hit, 'cause you hain't eddicated. Den I goes off fur to get de med'cin'. Dis rumatiz has to hab med'cin."

"Den you's let off drinkin' fur shuh, Uncle Mose?"

"Dat's so, chile, Uncle Mose doan tech no mo' w'isky. He's fur temp'rence ebery time. Stick to de pledge, chile."

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"Ize gwin ter, Uncle Mose; but dat ar jug do smell pow'ful like w'isky."

"Dat's de 'ception ob de faculties, chile. Arter you's bin in de temp'rence cause longer you'll be eddicated up to de diff'rence 'tween w'isky an' rumatiz med'cin'. Dat am de stuff de temp'rence men hab to take w'en dey gits rumatiz. Doan you go puttin yo' nose agin science. Hit may smell like w'isky, but dar am de doctah's discription w'ot sez hit's med cin'. Now go on, chile, an' doan be foolishin' no mo'. You'll larn mo' w'en you takes de highah degrees."

"Well, good mawnin', Uncle Mose. I takes yer word. Ize mighty ign'rent, I know, but hit do smell pow'ful like w'isky, that I'm 'speecious dat yo' has got hol' ob de wrong jimijohn in de druggery."

SILENCE ON TAP.

THE latest wonder of the world has been discovered in the Yellowstone Park, by a person named James Carroll, who is said to be a reputable citizen of Helena, Montana.

Carroll says that he was in a deep gorge. Around him was a scene of grandeur, towering cliffs and verdant vegetation. He sat down to wait for his friends, who were to follow him into the gorge. Everything was quiet. The stillness was oppressive. He determined to break the silence, but he soon found that he could not even make a crack in it. He called on his friends. He called again, and nearly shouted the top of his head off, but he could not hear the sound of his own voice. A panther was passing. Carroll seized his rifle and fired at the animal. Smoke came out of the rifle, and the panther crawled away wounded and bleeding, but no report came from the rifle; no sound reached Carroll's ears.

If Carroll's statement was not substantiated by the evidence of others, we would believe that he was suffering from a temporary deafness, or whiskey, or that he had cotton in his ears; but that hypothesis won't work, for his friends followed him into

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the gorge, and there they all stood and became red in the face, and got sore throats, in their efforts to have vocal communication with each other. But not a sound could they hear. The place was so packed full of silence that they couldn't hear a pin drop, and they had to use signs and the deaf-and-dumb alphabet to express their astonishment. They explain that some peculiarity in the atmosphere there makes it a non-conductor of sound. They claim that the silence was so dense that a fog-horn wouldn't break it, nor a Congressional candidate's speech make an impression on it.

If this is true—and we have no reason to doubt the statement of Carroll and his companions—a long-felt want will be supplied. We need hardly suggest to our readers any of the many ways in which this valuable atmosphere can be utilized. A great demand for it will doubtless spring up at once, and a new industry will be created, and will open up this undeveloped resort of the Yellowstone Park. Companies will be chartered, and privileg granted them to can this valuable atmosphere, or to saw it off in lengths, pack it in sawdust, and ship it to the busy haunts of men in the East. It will add to the happiness of man, and of some women, too, and it will bring peace and quiet to many a home.

In families where there is a baby, a barrel of it can be kept in the corner of the bedroom. By turning the faucet for a moment, the wail of the infant will be heard no more, and "deep silence will brood o'er the scene."

Think of the soothing effect of a keg of it turned loose in a ward meeting!

Imagine how it will quell the tumultuous eloquence of a candidate on the stump, to have a bottle of this condensed silence uncorked under his nose by one of the rival candidate's minions. It is true that this valuable factor in the broad sweep of human happiness may be abused. An evil-minded person might squirt a syringe full of Yellowstone Park atmosphere on an organ-grinder, and all his soothing strains in a moment would be but

"A melancholy thought condensed to air;"

or some bold, bad man might go to, say, Talmage's church, with a can of silence, and a patent can-opener in his pocket, and the result would be that the sermon of the eloquent contortionist

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would be but a voiceless pantomime, and all the people would say:

> "'Tis alas,
> His modest, bashful nature, and pure innocence
> That makes him silent."

However, the good that this new discovery will do will more than compensate for any evils that may arise from its abuse.

We have ordered a keg of it for our own use, and it makes us smile to think of the embarrassment that will clothe as with a garment the first man who comes into this office to read us "a little thing that he dashed off last night," and finds himself surrounded by the silence of the tomb as he claws around in search of his voice.

THE NOXIOUS LUNCH COUNTER.

Of all the pernicious institutions of this country, the railroad lunch counter is the most noxious, pestiferous and infamous. It has not kept up with the march of progress, nor advanced with the improvement of the age. You always approach a lunch counter—especially if it is one you have never visited before—with hope, and you leave it in despair. As you climb upon a high stool, and stick your elbows in a lump of grease on the counter, you are cheered by the sight of the glittering nickel-plated coffee urn, and a feeling of sanguine expectancy steals over your inside as your eye roves among the cards hanging behind the counter which read: "Turkey,

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10c." ; "Coffee, 10c." ; "Lamb Chops, 15c." ; "Pies of All Kinds, 10c." ; "Oysters, Every Style, 15c.," etc. The man who waits on you wears a dirty apron and a sad tired-of-life-and-of-dishing-out-pies-and-coffee expression of countenance. When you attract his attention and give him your order, he goes off with great enthusiasm to get it, but is stopped by the hungry mortals all along the line of the counter, who clamor for various articles of food. He dashes a dab of butter on a little plate at the man in the linen duster, jams an empty plate under the nose of the red-faced man with the cinder in his eye, throws a plate of doughnuts to the drummer who is trying to suppress his ravenous appetite with pickles, fills the brakeman's order for a glass of cold tea and a 10-cent chunk of custard pie, and flings a ham sandwich at the sleeping-car porter, who carries it off to gnaw it at his leisure in the retirement of the sleeping-car dressing-room. Then there is a clash of plates and glasses, and of knives and forks that turn around in their handles, and the sad-eyed miscreant brings you the coffee and turkey with a take-it-or-leave-it-just-as-you-darn-please air. Before he comes back with the salt and mustard an interval elapses, during which he serves seven more hungry passengers, and dives into an ante-room where he seems to you to rest five or six minutes. You feel that your system demands bread. You imagine that the "fifteen minutes for refreshments" are about up, and, in desperation, you load your internal economy with indigestible doughnuts, because you are afraid to wait for the bread, and you scald the lining off the roof of your mouth with the hot, gritty fluid called coffee. Everything is gritty, and tastes of coal dust, and you feel uncomfortable and unclean, and you wish you were dead. Then you pay the caitiff behind the counter fifty cents, and you wish you were dead some more while you rush out thinking that the train is moving off. You find that you have only been pampering your appetite in the banqueting hall for five minutes, and that you have yet ten minutes to spare, and you go back to the lunch counter and buy two cigars for a quarter. As the train pulls out and goes thundering past farm-houses, where you know there are stacks of home-made pies, piles of flaky biscuits, churns full of hilarious buttermilk, and tables groaning with yellow-legged chickens and mealy Irish potatoes, you curse the railroads that allow the

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grasping, hydra-headed, and smoke-begrimed lunch-stand monopoly to exist, and by that time your two-for-a-quarter cigar begins to swell up in the middle and fray at the edges. Out of consideration for the feelings of the other passengers, you leave the smoking-car and finish the cigar on the rear platform, where the winds carry the 12½-cent effluvia out into the adjacent settlements, and makes the honest granger think that the cholera has come at last.

The only good thing that we can say about the average lunch counter is that, bad as it is, it is a perfect banqueting hall filled with delicacies compared with some of the pretentious dining-rooms, like that well known atrocity at the junction of two Texas roads, where the staleness of the pie is only equalled by the dead past flavor of fresh-laid eggs that the bald-headed proprietor is guilty of placing before the unprotected traveller, or that other ranch at Milano Junction that pretends to entertain the travelling public, when the whole resources of the establishment could not entertain an idea.

SWEET'S LETTER.

OPIE P. READ, ESQ.

DEAR OPIE: I hinted in my last letter that I had succeeded in unearthing some discrepancies in life in a New York flat. Since then I have discovered a few more, although the first ones are still in full force and effect. I refer to the frantic smell of the garlic on the first floor and the weird wail of the boy's fiddle on the third. There is still another family on the fourth floor, which, until now, has not contributed anything to our enjoyment. It seems, however, that they have got the

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scarlet fever. I only hope that they will keep it to themselves. Croup, mumps, diphtheria, measles and scarlet fever are much more severe in New York than the same diseases are in Texas, and so is the weather.

Meeting Sykes, I asked him if scarlet fever amounts to much in New York. He replied that it doesn't amount to anything at all, if you don't have it. Sykes, as you have observed, is somewhat addicted to sporadic humor. He sobered down, however, and lifted me out of the Slough of Despond by the following reliable data:

"New York is one of the greatest places in the world for scarlet fever. Grown up people have it on both sides.

"It is very contagious, and when there is a case in a house everybody else in the vicinity is liable to get some of it.

"You can have it three or four times, if you survive, which rarely happens.

"It is particularly hard on strangers from the South who come to New York for health and recreation.

"If complicated with diphtheria, as is always the case, there is very little hope.

"If you recover from the scarlet fever, it always leaves you with something worse. Idiocy is one of the results of scarlet fever.

"The doctors in New York charge more than they do in any other city, which is one of the bad things scarlet fever leaves you with."

Scarlet fever, or no scarlet fever, the printers must have copy, so I sit down and endeavor to concentrate my massive brain on my labors. I will write a talented article on Ex-Governor Hubbard, of Texas.

"Governor, or, as he as more generally known in Texas, 'Dick' Hubbard has a great deal of weight in Democratic circles. In fact, he has a great deal of weight anywhere. He weighs more than 250 pounds in his stocking feet. He is very short and stout. One day in Austin, while he was Governor of the State, having partaken of a banquet he became very much tired, and had to be helped up the stairs by some friends. Spectators at a distance of upwards of a hundred yards were under the impression that one of those big bank safes was being moved into the gubernatorial mansion——"

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My wife comes in to tell me that the scarlet fever on the fourth floor is complicated with diphtheria, and she wants to know what we are going to do about it. I relieve her anxiety by telling her that I don't know what to do about it, and once more tackle Governor Hubbard.

"Governor Hubbard is not as broad as he is long. He is short and stout, but he is stouter than he is short. He is several feet broader than he is long. This fact was demonstrated in a peculiar way, that left no room for doubt. He and several other gentlemen were bathing in the Colorado River, near Austin, one afternoon. One of the party suggested that they swim to a sand bar in the river, the swimmer who got there last to stand the wine. Hubbard, although very stout, is very active, and he swam ahead of all the rest. He was within twenty feet of the sand bar, when he called out that he had struck bottom. And so he had, owing to his great thickness, but when he attempted to stand on his feet he sank out of sight, as the water was several feet over his head. He was rescued with difficulty. It was a solemn fact that while lying horizontally, a portion of his *embonpoint* protruded from the water, it being too shallow, but as soon as he assumed a perpendicular position he was out of his depth, demonstrating with mathematical certainty that he was really broader than he was long, No wonder he Chicago reporters said that he was a man of broad views. There was no compliment about that. It barely did justice to his expanse of superficial area——"

Just at this crisis I am interrupted by a fly. It is very unpleasant to be assaulted by a fly, but when there is reason to suspect the fly of being loaded down with scarlet fever germs, complicated with diphtheria, it is time for the President, or somebody, to proclaim quarantine, and halt the fly at the county line. The fly came in through the window, and no doubt sailed from the infected port in the fourth story. I quarantine the fly with the family Bible, making an appropriate benedictory remark. It is difficult to compose editorials, and be a cussed fly-catcher at the same time. It is to he hoped, by my creditors, that I will not be caught out on the fly. The epidemic must be stamped out, even if it takes all summer to do it.

Another visitor—It is not a fly that opens the door, but the janitor.

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He informs me in a deprecatory, curfew-must-not-toll-to-night sort of way, that I have violated one of the rules. I tell him I didn't know it when I did it. He says it is against the rules to have a flower-pot in the window. He evidently refers to a little prickly pear plant that I brought from Texas, and which nestles cosily on the sill of the back window. As the Texas exotic seemed to be suffering from the atmospheric influences of New York, I poured some water on it. As luck would have it, Mr. Solomon happened to be standing in the yard below, and I unconsciously baptized his bald head. He complained bitterly to the janitor, hence the visit.

Solomon has religious prejudices against baptism, although I should think the weather was warm enough for him to appreciate what a refreshing institution it is, but he is mad, the Janitor says.

(Note)—Write an editorial on the clannishness of the Jewish race.

I tell the Janitor, that Mr. Solomon has been incensing me with garlic for a week back, although I did not have a weak back, and my having baptized him is merely a return of the compliment.

I tell this to the Janitor in the hope of cheering him, for the gloom on his brow makes him look like a returned Tammany delegate. The Janitor shakes his head and says solemnly that if a policeman were to see that flower-pot on the window it would be ten dollars out of my pocket; whereupon, becoming somewhat irritated, I say that I'll throw the flower-pot out into the street. He replies, still more solemnly, that if I do I'll violate another rule, viz: Rule 5.

Becoming more excited, I express myself pretty strongly, and in about the same tone of voice in which the street pedlers cry strawberries.

Janitor is quite calm. He says that I am violating Rule 4, according to which no unseemly noise or disturbance is to be made to the annoyance of the other tenants, and he suddenly draws the following rules, which he has had concealed on his person, and which are here reproduced for your instruction and amusement:

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RULES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THIS HOUSE.

1. It is the duty of the JANITOR to keep the stoops, sidewalks, vestibules, cellars, yards and marble tiling in the halls clean.

2. All goods coming from Grocer, Butcher, Milkman, Baker, etc., must be sent up by the Elevator.

3. Ashes and garbage may be sent down by Elevator between the hours of 7 and 8 A.M.

4. No unseemly noise or disturbance to be made to the annoyance of the tenants.

5. Nothing must be thrown from any window of the building.

6. Immediate notice to be given to the Janitor of any accident or injury to the Water or Gas Pipes.

7. Dogs or cats not allowed in the building, at any time or under any pretence.

8. Smoking or lounging in the public halls or entrance, or on the stoop in front of the building is strictly prohibited.

9. Children must not play or remain in the halls or on the stoop.

10. No pedlers allowed in the building.

11. Vestibule doors to be kept closed at all hours.

12. Each tenant above the first floor must keep the halls and stairs neatly carpeted and cleaned. All halls must be swept and dusted before 9 A.M.

13. The gas in the halls must be kept lighted from sunset until 10 P.M. each evening.

14. Tenant on the first floor is entitled to the *exclusive* use of the yard for drying clothes on Monday. Tenant of the second floor, on Tuesday of each week. Tenant on third floor is entitled to the exclusive use of the roof on Monday for the same purpose, and tenant on the fourth floor is entitled to the use of the roof on Tuesday of each week.

N.B.—These flats are rented only on condition that tenants shall strictly comply with the above rules, and in case any tenant shall fail to comply with any of the said rules the owner of the house hereby reserves the right to cancel the lease of said tenant at any time on giving said tenant, or his representative, fifteen days' notice in writing of his intention so to do.

However, you must not suppose for a moment that these rules are the only ones by which the unfortunate tenant is to be

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guided and disciplined. On examining the back of my lease, after I had signed it, I discovered a whole criminal code of rules and regulations. The owner of this lordly castle discounts Moses as a great lawgiver. He seems to be under the delusion that he is a kind of a two-legged legislature. He is always convening and passing laws and enactments all by himself. He is as a perpetual session, for on examining my monthly receipts for the rent, I perceive that he has passed some fresh laws, which are printed on the back of them. These printed rules and regulations constitute the statute law, but there is besides the common or unwritten law, of which the Janitor is the great depositary; consisting of decisions which he has rendered from time to time.

The average New York Janitor is a very important personage at his own estimation. I am afraid you do not appreciate what kind of a Bashi-Bazouk he really is. He is the great Viceroy of the owner of the edifice. That's just the kind of a Bashaw or Tetrarch he is.

The rules and regulations are a great source of amusement to us all. At first the children believed in them, and when they wanted to go to the circus or indulge in any other costly diversions, I stood them off by making them believe that it was against the rules, but they soon got over that, and now they pay no more attention to them than is paid to the Sunday law. The other day when some fears were expressed about the Asiatic cholera, one of the offsprings said: "Perhaps we won't get it. May be it is against the rules for people to die in this flat."

These rules apply to almost all apartment houses, or flats. I have heard of a man where a tenant fell from the ninth story window, and was, of course, instantly killed. The Janitor went up to the remains, and reminded them that they had violated Rule No. 5, which prohibits anything being thrown from any window of the building. The Janitor also stated to the remains that it must not occur again.

Children are hated by New York landlords and Janitors with an intensity that is unknown to any other of the lower order of brutes. Some property owners will not rent rooms to any family having children. Even when they permit canary birds, cats, and other pets, they draw the line at children.

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I heard an amusing story of a young married couple, who desired to take rooms in a fashionable part of the town, where no children were admitted into the houses.

"I suppose you have no children?"

"O, no, we have no children; but before we sign the lease for the year I'd just like to understand things. You object to renting rooms to families with children; but suppose after a man and his wife had leased rooms for a year, their union should be blessed with offspring, what then?"

"It would be against the rules. If you are that kind of a family, I'd prefer not to lease my rooms to you."

"I don't think we would like to live in your house either," replied the prospective tenant; "you have entirely too many rules."

There is, however, no rule against paying the rent promptly in advance. Somehow or other, that rule has been omitted.

More some other time.

Yours, ALEX. E. SWEET.

OUT OF THE MIRE.

Many a family has been raised by the genuine philanthropy of modern progress, and of modern opportunities. But many people do not avail of them. They jog along in their old ways until they are stuck fast in a mire of hopeless dirt. Friends desert them, for they have already deserted themselves by neglecting their own best interests. Out of the dirt of kitchen, or hall, or parlor, any house can be quickly brought by the use of Sapolio, which is sold by all grocers.

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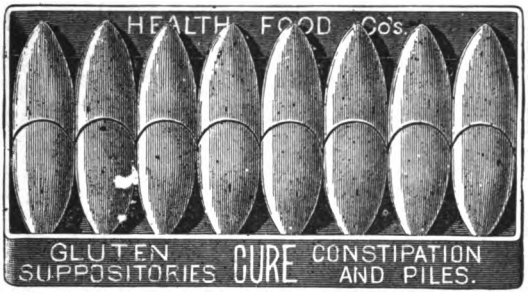

Intestinal Torpor and Kindred Evils

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